

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3370 — VOL. CXXIII

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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A FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP: THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY WELCOMED BY KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT WINDSOR STATION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

*On their Majesties' arrival on November 17 at the Great Western Railway Station, which was decorated for the occasion, they were affectionately welcomed by the British Sovereign and his Consort. Bouquets were presented to both Queens by the daughters of the Mayor of Windsor.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Invective," said Disraeli once, "is a great ornament of debate." It may be an ornament when it is employed by somebody with a talent for that kind of decoration. When it is merely a crude expression of party animus, how stale, flat, and unprofitable! I have been reading a list of epithets applied to a certain public man by some journals which do not agree with him. Forty-three terms of dislike, and not a dash of wit in one of them! I have not the smallest feeling one way or the other; but looking at the case from a detached point of view, I think it is deplorable that there should be so little art in this branch of controversy. Why not make it part of the national education? It might be taught at public schools; and parents who are not always pleased with the intellectual progress of their offspring at those institutions, might notice with pride a growing capacity for badinage and stinging retort. A chair of polished invective at Oxford would enliven that academic haunt. Hereafter, you might know your Oxford man by his withering repartee. It is related of Burton that when he found the composition of his "Anatomy of Melancholy" rather dull work, he used to saunter down to the river at Oxford, and listen to the bargees. They made him laugh so much that he had to hold both his sides. Why should not the University prizeman in satire, when he takes to the political platform, make our sides ache by describing an opponent?

Lord Wolseley, who does not like the meddling of civilians with military affairs, shows a promising turn for invective in his new book. "Do not parody us," he says to some unspecified statesman, "by appearing in public decked for the nonce in a soldier's khaki coat. You might as well put your arm in a sling or tie your head up in the bandage of some poor maimed soldier, to whom, when wounded and unable to earn a livelihood, your regulations allow a pension of sixpence a day." A shrewd thrust, methinks! It is clearly meant for an eminent civilian who once played at soldiers by attending some military manœuvres abroad in a uniform. Our Constitution, we are often told, does not permit the Secretary for War to be a soldier; but it lets him masquerade in khaki for the diversion of foreign officers. This absurdity moves Lord Wolseley to scorn; but has he forgotten how a learned champion of the Constitution, while the war was still in progress, pointed out that the Generals in the field had nothing to do with strategy, which ought to be directed by the Prime Minister from Downing Street? Some day, if the Constitution lasts, this doctrine will be put into practice, and the civilians of the Cabinet, feeling tremendously warlike in cocked hats, will sit down with a great rattle of swords at the council-table to plan the next movement of a campaign.

Lord Wolseley has been Commander-in-Chief, and he knows what it is to be gagged by the Constitution while the country is deluded into the belief that a costly Army is ready for its duties. "So it will always be," he says, "until John Bull insists upon a certificate being annually laid before Parliament by the non-political Commander-in-Chief, that the whole of the military forces of the Empire can be completely and effectively equipped for war in a fortnight." But this, if you please, is "militarism." There are eminent civilians who will tell you that for the Army to be thus equipped would be disastrous to the cause of peace. It would be a temptation to Jingoism, and the lust of Empire. The Army must be maintained at a vast cost, but must never be ready; and the way to ensure this ideal is to keep a civilian at the head of it. A capital device truly! So would be the appointment of University professors as commanders of ironclads. We might be quite sure then that the Navy would be a perfectly useless instrument in the hands of a Jingo Ministry. The contingency of aggression by Jingo foreigners need not be contemplated.

There are daring reformers who talk of giving the military experts on our Army Board equal authority with the Secretary of State. Just consider what that means. The civilian Secretary, being a lover of peace and a herald of the Millennium, would be scandalised by the suggestion of military readiness. Then the experts would explain their reasons to Parliament and the country, and either resign or hint very plainly that the Secretary's resignation would be a public benefit. The country would ring with denunciations of military arrogance, and nervous spinsters would barricade their homes for fear of a brutal soldiery. I foresee leading articles in this style: "Are we living under the British Constitution, or under a Military Dictator's Jackboot? Away with this pestilent idea that the Army must be equipped for war within a fortnight! If it were, what security would there be for our lives and liberties? How could we lay our heads on the pillow without a dread that before morning the streets would be running with the blood of our most illustrious civilians, and that supreme power would be snatched from the peaceful democracy by a crew of unscrupulous Major-Generals? Shall

England be the sport of military caprice, like a South American Republic? Never!"

A jury has decided that a person inculpated in a famous crime has no ground for damages against a writer who recalls the incidents many years later. Major Arthur Griffiths has a wider experience than most men, and he may well have thought that life could have no surprises for him. But he must have had a sensation of real wonder to learn that he had libelled forgotten guilt. He had written a vivid sketch of certain daring frauds which made a great noise a generation ago; and one of the culprits brought an action on the plea that he had expiated his offence, and ought not to be reminded of it. The Judge intimated that all the jury had to consider was the historical fact—a direction which has excited some controversy. Does expiation demand oblivion? In an ordinary case a man who comes out of prison, and does his best to earn a decent livelihood, escapes from his past by insignificance. If he does not, is he entitled to sue a gossiping neighbour for defamation of character? Should he have had the misfortune to be an extraordinary criminal, are the students of crime to keep clear of him on penalty of an action for libel? He may say: "I am a very interesting subject to criminologists, but why punish me for that? I lead a respectable life, and have no desire to figure in reminiscences. People who won't let my bygones be bygones ought to pay me damages." This, in effect, was the case which startled Major Arthur Griffiths; and if it had captivated the jury, the historian would never have been safe in dealing with illustrious law-breakers until he had satisfied himself that they were dead.

Another train of reasoning may occur to the victim of literature and research. "If I am denied damages," he may urge, "why should I not have a share of the profits? If a man wants to write about me, let him make me a square offer. Why should he do my biography without my consent, and then pocket the swag?" Such a plea would not be without a rough sense of justice; and a humanely amended law may in future direct that, when a certificate of reformed character is forthcoming, the noted lawbreaker shall share the proceeds of any memoir that may be written in his lifetime, and even bequeath to his heirs his interest in the memoir that may be waiting for his decease. There will be objections to this scheme, no doubt. I submit it diffidently as a means of smoothing some inequalities of an imperfect world. It might even have the effect of mitigating the stigma of the prison on a life which had turned at last into blameless courses.

A cab-strike seems to be impending, and I picture, not the inconvenience to London, but the sincere grief of Mr. Briton Rivière. What will he do when all those horses are withdrawn from the streets? Will he search for them in their native mews? Will ostlers be surprised by visits from an enthusiast who says, "The town without its cab-horses is to me what the desert would be to the Bedouin without his Arab steed. Pray be so good as to show me the beautiful animals under your care." I suspect from Mr. Rivière's letter in the *Times* that he has a touch of Don Quixote. He would have admired the graces of Rosinante. Omnibus horses, he declares, suggest to him the primeval time when men were not dwellers in huge cities, but knew the charms of nature in almost trackless wilds. I cannot pretend that the poor animals have such poetical associations for me. They are images of forlorn stupidity and squalid servitude. If they were to vanish from the streets for ever, most of us would feel that a reproach had been taken from humanity—a reproach dulled, it may be, by use and wont, though keen enough to an observant eye. But Mr. Rivière dreads the time when science will displace the horse, and the omnibus will perform its graceful functions by electricity. The sound of hoofs grows fainter in his ear. Already the brougham, as the cabman said, is "a bloomin' 'ummin'-bird," and Miss Hilda Gunning's landaulette is driven with a handle. Naught will be left of the omnibus-drudge very soon but a specimen in Mr. Rivière's studio, restored to lifelike semblance by the art of Mr. Rowland Ward.

The cab-horse, I confess, never moves me to sentiment. When I sit behind him, it is with mingled alarm and impatience. Since the day when he shied on the Embankment, and smashed my hansom to matchwood, I have regarded him as a flighty beast, hopelessly unsuited to an age of scientific invention. Does Mr. Rivière ever drive in hansoms; or does he make no more use of the cab than the distinguished man of letters who, discoursing to a friend in the street, was overtaken by the rain before he could find the word he needed? Hailing a passing "growler," he used it as a stationary shelter until he had completed his message, and then handed the astonished cabman a shilling. By a stroke of intellect the horse was obliterated. Some day we shall improve on that by projecting our spiritual selves wherever we please, leaving the body to await our return.

## KINGS AS SPORTSMEN.

During his short visit to this country the King of Italy has spent two days among the pheasants at Windsor, and the incident reminds us that most, if not all, the crowned heads of Europe are experts with shot-gun and rifle, and devoted to their use.

King Edward is equally at home among pheasants that come out high over the tree-tops, or return to their cover from some unfamiliar copse to which they were shepherd by skilled beaters in the earlier day. He is reckoned a fine shot with the rifle at driven deer—a far more difficult mark than they are generally supposed to be, for the stags let the hinds go first through passes that favour the gunner, and the last mad rush of the monarchs of a great herd requires no little stopping.

Italy's ruler has ever been a keen sportsman, from the early days when, Prince of Naples, he wooed and won a wife as ardent a follower of the open life as himself. Queen Elena, daughter of the fine old "Gospodar" Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, had been brought up in a sporting land, with sisters and brothers devoted to the outdoor pastimes; her brothers are expert shots, whose fame has travelled far beyond the narrow limits of their father's kingdom.

Turning to Italy's associates in the Triple Alliance, we find two keen sportsmen at the head of affairs. To his outdoor work among the hills in pursuit of stag and chamois and varied fur or feather, Franz Josef, the aged Austrian Emperor, owes not a little of his vitality and endurance. It is no light load of care he must discard; at his age the burden might well be past bearing. The bracing air, the call of the sport, and the steady demand upon brain as well as hand, serve, apparently, to banish the troubles that wait on statecraft.

The German Kaiser is a keen and skilled performer with the gun, and his prowess is the more remarkable because one hand is comparatively useless. He has remarkable endurance, and he, too, uses shooting as an antidote to the worry of affairs. His sons—or the elder ones, to be exact—are credited with more than common capacity. One of them was shooting in this country last year on the estates of the Duke of Buccleuch, where his work with the gun was commented upon very favourably.

Part of a French President's duties would seem to lie among the pheasants. The writer has seen the late French President, Felix Faure, shooting at Rambouillet: the biograph had preserved the scene, and a music-hall presented it to London. A loader in uniform looked after the second gun of M. le Président; one or two officers correctly attired stood stiffly by his side; and the birds went hard down wind, or seemed to. The President shot severely and without emotion; amid the noise of battle he was profoundly calm. Perhaps it was the proper official attitude; perhaps he was conscious of his biographer. M. Loubet does not look as if he would greatly enjoy a battue, but doubtless he does his duty when France calls upon him to shoot pheasants.

It is more than likely that the Czar of All the Russias gets little or no enjoyment from his use of the gun. With him, shooting is a diplomatic fiction; even the famous visit, made a month ago, to the preserves at Mürzsteg was a matter of necessity rather than choice, and it could have given him scant pleasure to shoot in woods that had to be surrounded for the sake of his personal safety by thousands of soldiers and scores of detectives. The sense of freedom that almost all Europe's rulers may enjoy is forbidden to the Little Father, and no bird or beast in all his forests has a more anxious life.

Abdul Hamid II., the Padishah, the Caliph of All Islam, does not shoot game. In the first place, no True Believer will touch feather or fur that has been killed with shot: such food is forbidden by his dietary laws; secondly, Turkey's Sultan flies at higher game and kills it by proxy. It is hardly fair to mention his name among sportsmen.

Dom Carlos, happiest of Kings and most jovial of men, is perhaps the best shot among the crowned heads of Europe. His prowess is wonderful. A big, heavy man, he moves his gun with a rapidity that must be seen to be believed, and what he aims at falls, properly hit. With shot-gun, rifle, or revolver he is equally expert—indeed, he can pierce the marks on a playing-card with a revolver at twenty paces and drop flying pigeons with a rifle. He is never more happy than when he has gun in hand, and frequently competes among his subjects at the Tir aux Pigeons at Cascaes or elsewhere in his own dominions, nearly always winning the prize and never taking it. When Dom Carlos was in England he was recognised by all who had the privilege of seeing his performances as a man who had nothing to fear by comparison with this country's finest shots.

The King of Spain visits Lisbon at the end of the month. One at least of the few days spent in the Portuguese capital and its environs will be given to sport. Alfonso XIII. is devoted to the gun, and is never happier than when, on the preserves of the Pardo, he is in pursuit of all that runs or flies. This relaxation is very necessary, for the young monarch's health has given great uneasiness to his immediate circle. People round him realise that Madrid is no place for the young King; that his best chance of health will come in open air and, incidentally, as far from Madrid as possible. His love of sport may yet keep him from the trouble that took his father from the throne.

It is well that our monarchs are content to use their guns against game; that they have no ambition to turn them against one another. The game preserve has become the happy meeting-ground where questions of importance may be discussed at lunch or after dinner, at the time when a man, well satisfied with his own sporting record, is in the best spirits, disposed to do anything in reason that may preserve the peace of the world and save it from the violent trouble that would make sport impossible.



## PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

Speaking at the Colston banquet at Bristol, the Prime Minister said he would have been glad if the fiscal question could have been left in abeyance, but that was not possible in view of public opinion. The new conditions called for a deep and genuine change. He said the Opposition had fought shy of the scheme he had submitted to the country. They preferred to abuse Mr. Chamberlain. It was urged that a change of fiscal policy would offend other nations. Did our nation exist on sufferance? The same argument had been used against an increase of the Navy. If we strengthened our armaments, it was contended, other countries would strengthen theirs. That did not appear to him a sufficient reason for leaving ourselves unprotected. It would be nothing short of national lunacy if we did not prepare for the dangers visible in the tendencies of trade. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who spoke on the same occasion, said he was in full agreement with Mr. Balfour's policy, but steadfastly opposed to the unauthorised programme of Mr. Chamberlain. The competition of foreign trusts under protective tariffs was fraught with great danger to capital and enterprise in this country, and with still greater danger to the working classes. He could not see why the policy of the Sugar Convention should not be applied to our home industries.

At Bristol Sir Henry Fowler said that he was no Little Englander, and that he believed Mr. Chamberlain's policy to be dangerous to this country and to the unity of the Empire. The Government was frankly committed to Protection, and a vote for Mr. Balfour was a vote for Mr. Chamberlain. Would Mr. Balfour tell the country how retaliation was to be carried into effect? It could not be limited to a single article; it could not be made effective at all unless it were applied to food and raw material. Mr. Chamberlain's plan was a real plan—a step towards the re-enactment of the Corn Laws. The difference between the import price and the duty had always to be paid by the consumer, and paid in respect of the home production as well of the foreign imports. This was a policy which would make the poor poorer, with a chance of making a section of the rich a little richer.

Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil addressed a meeting of the Free Trade Union at Birmingham. A resolution was passed in favour of "retaliatory duties in special cases," but against "a general protective tariff." Every single item of our vast imports, said Mr. Churchill, came to our shores because some Englishman desired it, paid for it, and meant to turn it to his comfort or his profit. Every vote given for Protection was a vote to give the Government the right of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and charging the public a handsome commission on the job. Lord Hugh Cecil said that unless they were prepared to protect our agriculture, it was no use talking about a policy to increase employment. If the principle of Protection was not justified in that instance, it was justified in none.

On Nov. 17 Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman spoke at Frome, but was more jocose than seriously argumentative.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A MAN AND HIMSELF," AT KENNINGTON.

Although it is distinguished by decided originality of idea and a certain artistic thoroughness of treatment, Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Nora Keith's new play, "A Man and Himself," produced this week at the Kennington Theatre, cannot be described as more than impressive melodrama. By the restrained force of their acting, Mr. Carson, as the mad hero, and Miss Esmé Beringer, as the unhappy daughter, make the ghastly finale very affecting for Kennington playgoers, and Mr. Ben Webster and Mrs. Maesmore Morris, in comedy rôles, agreeably lighten the play's atmosphere of sombre monotony.

## CHANGES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The policy of any successful variety theatre must obviously be constant change of programme, and the Alhambra management just now is fully acting on that principle. Only the other day quite an exceptional success was achieved by a new representative of the heroine in the Alhambra's beautiful ballet of "Carmen." But on Monday last yet another Carmen appeared in the person of Señorita Maria la Bella, an attractive Spaniard who thoroughly deserves her name, and proved herself at once an accomplished actress and a dancer of marked ability. Alterations at the Alhambra are not confined to "Carmen."

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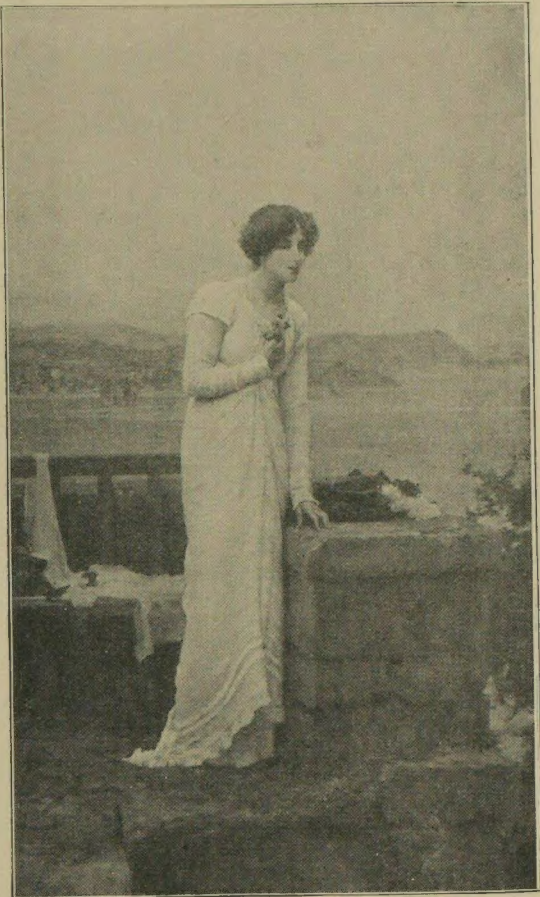
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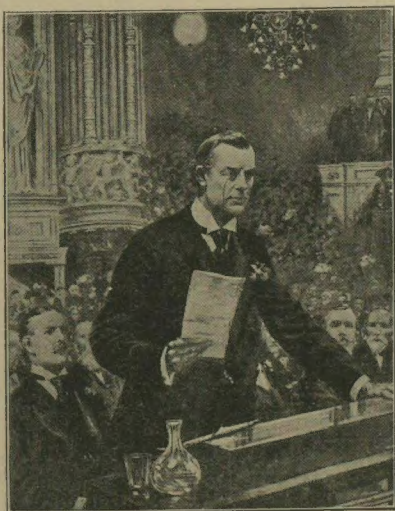
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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE ITALIAN ROYAL VISIT.

The ancient friendship between England and Italy has this week been officially manifested by a return of the hospitality shown to King Edward during his recent visit to Rome. Elaborate preparations had been made at Windsor for the reception of King Victor Emmanuel III. and Queen Elena, and King Edward deputed the Prince of Wales to proceed to Portsmouth in order to welcome their Majesties as soon as they should enter a British port. His Majesty's yacht *Victoria and Albert* was sent to Cherbourg to convey the King and Queen of Italy across the Channel, and was lying in the harbour when their Majesties arrived at the French seaport on the afternoon of November 16. The King and Queen were received at Cherbourg Railway Station by Sir Edmund Monson, British Ambassador to France, Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, Admiral Fawkes, and the Maritime Prefect of Cherbourg. As their Majesties were travelling incognito, the ceremony of welcome was extremely simple, and the travellers were at once conveyed on board King Edward's yacht. The *Victoria and Albert* reached Portsmouth at about a quarter past ten, and came alongside the railway jetty. The Prince of Wales lost no time in proceeding aboard the yacht, where he welcomed the royal Italian guests. The Italian Ambassador and Signora Pansa also went on board, and the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth were received by King Victor Emmanuel, to whom they presented a civic address. The royal party left for Windsor by special train, and the royal burgh was reached at half-past three. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria and the Duke of Connaught, were in waiting on the platform of the Great Western Railway Station, and as the train drew up, punctually to time, their Majesties advanced to meet their guests, whom they saluted with the utmost cordiality. Presentations followed, and then their Majesties

## LORD ROBERTS' COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ILLNESS.

who was to have taken part in various public ceremonies connected with the visit of the King and Queen of Italy, has been prevented by illness. On Nov. 14 it was announced from Ascot that Earl Roberts was suffering from pneumonia, and that the attack was considered serious. The usual alarmist rumours, of course, floated about the clubs and the West End, but Sunday morning's bulletin was reassuring, and since then his Lordship has passed very good nights, and his general condition points to a steady recovery. It is uncertain when he will be well enough to resume his duties.

## LORD KITCHENER'S ACCIDENT.

Roberts' health had scarcely passed away when the public mind was startled by the news of a mishap to another of our great soldiers. On Nov. 15, Lord Kitchener, who had been spending the evening at a country house

miles from Simla, met with a serious accident as he was riding home. The Indian Commander-in-Chief's way lay through a dark tunnel in the hills, and while he was riding through this passage, his horse became restive and either crushed Lord Kitchener's leg against the wall or caused it to be caught by a projecting beam and violently twisted. Accounts differ, but the unfortunate fact remains that his Lordship's leg was broken in two places above the ankle. As Lord Kitchener was unattended, he lay for a considerable time in great agony, but was at last discovered by some natives and brought into Simla in a jinricksha. The leg was at once set, and as the fractures are clean, the surgeons are confident of a good recovery. Lord Kitchener's condition is said to be satisfactory.

## THE IRISH QUARREL.

Mr. William O'Brien's resolution to retire from public life is still agitating Ireland. It is not yet clear why this step has been taken. Mr. O'Brien says he cannot endure the attacks of the *Freeman's Journal*; but an Irish politician who cannot endure the attacks of other Irishmen is a strange being. Mr. O'Brien has attacked all sorts and conditions of politicians in his time. If they had all retired from public life in consequence, he would have thought them rather silly. He assures his countrymen that if he were to tell them all he knows about the party, he should freeze their blood, and make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine. The details, he says, would be "horrificing." Probably his countrymen would like to be horrified, just for the fun of the thing. Mr. John Redmond has sold his land to the tenants at twenty-four and a half years' purchase, and this is the most horrifying thing that has happened yet, if we may believe Mr. Davitt. Mr. Davitt appears to think that the leader of the Irish party ought to have given his land away. If this particular Irish landlord can command so high a figure, why not other landlords? And if Mr. Redmond's tenants thought the bargain bad, why did they make it? Mr. Healy has suggested

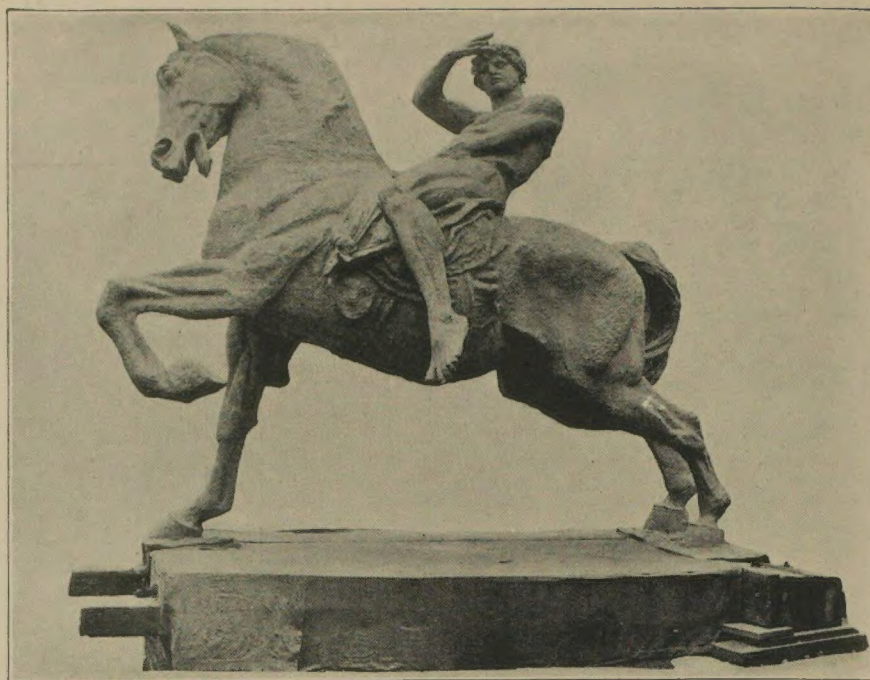


Photo. Gabrielle.

THE BRONZE CAST OF MR. G. F. WATTS'S MASTERPIECE BY BENVENUTO CELLINI'S METHOD FOR THE RHODES MEMORIAL.

"Physical Energy," the great statue on which Mr. G. F. Watts has been at work for so many years, has now been cast in bronze by Signor Parlati, who has used a method known in ancient Greece, and adapted by Benvenuto Cellini. This process we described in a former number.

that Mr. Redmond should be content with seventeen or eighteen years' purchase, and that the balance of £14,000 should be made good to him by a national subscription. It is difficult to say whether this is serious or a touch of Mr. Healy's grim humour. All sections of the party implore Mr. O'Brien not to leave them.

## THE VISIT OF ENGLISH M.P.'S TO PARIS.

The British members of Parliament who are to arrive in Paris on Nov. 25 will be received with due formality by the President, secretaries, and other officers of the International Arbitration Group, and taken to the Hôtel Continental, where accommodation has been provided. The Thursday will be devoted to a visit to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, a reception by President Loubet at the Elysée, and a banquet at the Grand Hotel, at which M. Combes and other members of the Government will be present. The programme for the remainder of the visit, which is to conclude on the Sunday evening, includes sight-seeing, a reception by the President of the Chamber of Deputies, an entertainment by the Automobile Club, embodying a trip to Versailles, and a reception at the British Embassy.

## THE FAR EAST.

In the face of the Manchurian difficulty, the Chinese Government is practically helpless. Councils at the Palace at Peking have been frequent during the past few weeks; but private intrigue rather than any concentration of effort for the public good has characterised the action of Ministers. The Empress-Dowager is said to be greatly distressed by the situation, for at last it has dawned upon the Manchus that the loss of Mukden, the ancient seat of their dynasty, means for them a serious diminution of prestige. The Chinese Foreign Office, after appealing to America and Japan, declares that it can now only await the development of the issue between the latter country and Russia. There is even some idea that China and Japan may draw together. Nothing further has been disclosed regarding the Russo-Japanese negotiations, and nothing has been admitted as to what is the actual bone of contention.



Photo. Topical Press.

THE COLLAPSE OF A VIADUCT AT STANWAY: THE RUINED ARCHES.

On November 13, while workmen were removing the ribs from underneath the last span of a viaduct on the new line between Cheltenham and Honeybourne, the arch collapsed, bringing down three adjacent spans with it. Two men were killed and several injured.

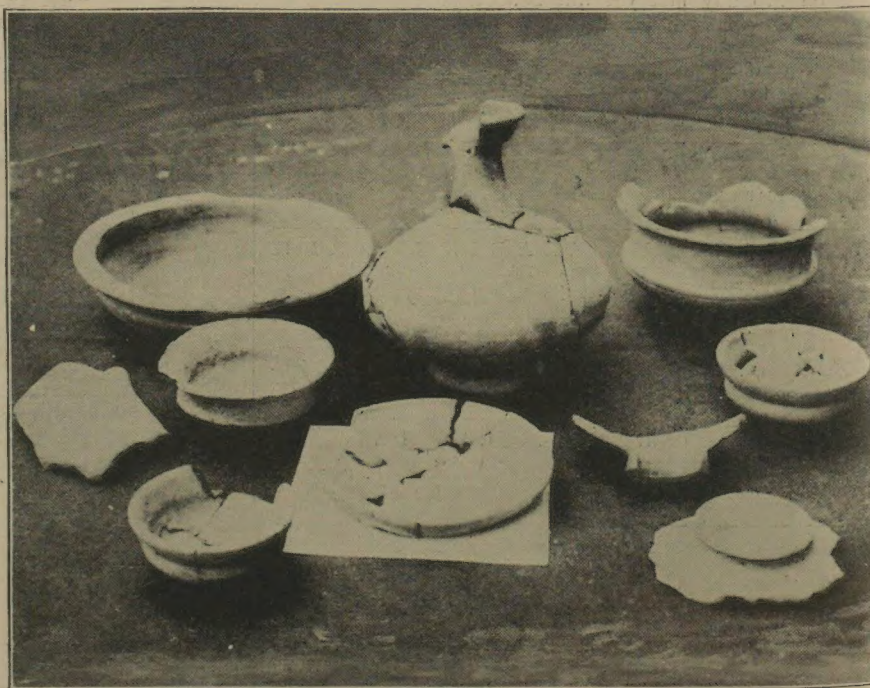
drove to Windsor Castle. As the procession passed through the streets, large crowds cheered the royal visitors enthusiastically.

## THE KAISER'S ILLNESS.

The apprehension aroused among those who recalled the manner of both his father's and his mother's death by the announcement of the nature of the Kaiser's illness—an apprehension deliberately fostered by the more sensational journals—has been happily dissipated by a series of reassuring bulletins. His Majesty is not yet allowed to make full use of his voice, but the healing of the wound left by Dr. Schmidt's operating-knife is following a normal course.

## THE BRITISH MISSION TO THIBET.

The unsatisfactory and, in some cases, hostile attitude of the natives has rendered an advance of the British Mission to Thibet advisable, and it has consequently been decided to occupy the Chumbi Valley—described as the key of Thibet—and Gyantse. When it became apparent that a peaceful solution of the problems under discussion was, at least, unlikely, Colonel Younghusband, the head of the expedition, was summoned to Simla to confer with the Viceroy. As far as can be ascertained at the moment, he is still there, and Colonel Macdonald will probably command in his absence. It has been arranged that the troops of the mission, which will include a number of British, shall assemble in Sikkim within a fortnight. Meantime, the original expedition remains in its strongly fortified camp at Khamba Jong, where it has been for the past few months, under the care of three hundred Sikhs and a Maxim. The Thibetan Government is credited with a desire for war, the priests professing to have discovered that the present year is a suitable one in which to offer battle.



LATE CELTIC POTTERY DISCOVERED AT HASLEMERE.

These urns were found on the ground of Dr. Greville Macdonald. They belong to the early Iron Age, about B.C. 150. The pottery had been buried in a large cinerary urn.



BRITANNIA'S WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY AT SPITHEAD.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SPITHEAD.



THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND QUEEN ELENA ON BOARD, APPROACHING PORTSMOUTH, NOVEMBER 17.

*As the yacht conveying the Italian Sovereigns from Cherbourg reached Spithead, the British war-vessels fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The "Victoria and Albert" passed, not through, but across the head of the lines of welcoming war-ships.*



between the two Powers. It is scarcely likely to be Manchuria. That it is Korea is a practical certainty.

**THE LATE SIR R. M. CRAVEN.** Sir Robert Martin Craven, who has just died in his eightieth year, was one of the best-known surgeons in Yorkshire, and lived in Hull from the time he commenced practice in 1848. For many years he was surgeon to the Hull Royal Infirmary; and was a Fellow of the Royal Colleges of Surgeons of England and Edinburgh, and of the Medical Society of London. To his professional work he allied a keen interest in political matters, and was for long intimately connected with the Conservative party in his borough, and President of the Conservative Council of the Central Division. He had been a Sheriff of Hull, of which he was a Freeman, and was a Magistrate for Hull and the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was knighted in 1896.

**CANADIAN SENTIMENT.** Canada cannot be expected to agree with Mr. Balfour's statement at the Guildhall that by the Alaska Award the Dominion had lost two islands of no strategic value. Canadians adhere to the opinion that a grave injury has been inflicted upon their interests. But they do not intend to sulk. Nothing could be more admirable than the speech delivered at Toronto by Mr. Aylesworth, K.C., one of the Canadian members of the Alaska Commission. He repudiated the imputation that Canada harboured resentment against the Mother Country. It was still a matter of pride for the Canadian to say, "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die." Canada, said Mr. Aylesworth, would abate none of her love, devotion, and loyalty to the Empire and the Crown. This declaration was received with great enthusiasm. A week after it was made, Lord Alverstone said at the Guildhall banquet that if judicial decisions were not wanted from Boundary Commissions, British Judges ought not to be appointed. It scarcely

price for the concession." This question of price doubtless accounts for the statement, made by the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, that the United States will pay the new Republic of Panama a sum of two millions



Photo, Uhlendorf.

THE LATE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

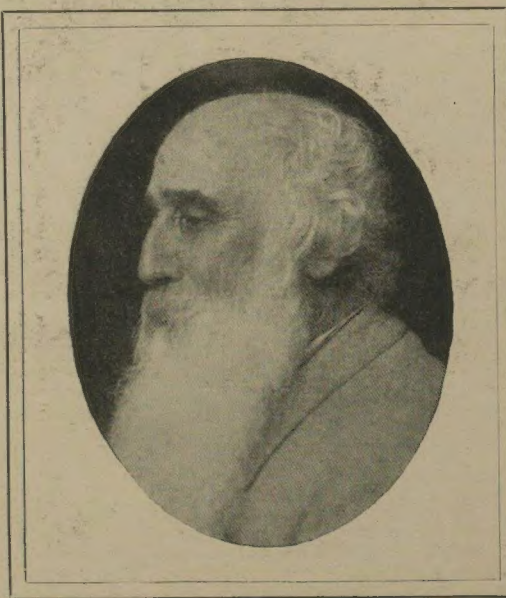
sterling for the right to construct a canal, and that Panama will hand the sum to Colombia. France has recognised the new Republic.

#### THE DEATH OF A PRINCESS.

Princess Elizabeth, the eight-year-old daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, died on Nov. 16 at Skierniewice, in Russian Poland. The Princess had been staying there with her father on a visit to the Czar and Czaritsa. The attack seems to have been somewhat of the nature of cholera, and a serious conclusion was not at first apprehended. The alarming symptoms manifested themselves suddenly, and the Grand Duchess was telegraphed for, but did not arrive in time to see her little daughter in life.

#### THE LATE CAMILLE PISSARRO.

Modern French art has suffered a serious blow by the death of the great impressionist painter Camille Pissarro. Though he had reached manhood before he devoted himself to art, M. Pissarro was not long in attracting to his work the attention of the best judges. His theories of colour were opposed to the judgment of the majority. He



Photo, Holtzer.

THE LATE CAMILLE PISSARRO, IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER.

figured in the now famous Salon des Refusés, and struggled hard in the good company of Claude Monet, Charles Sisley, Renoir, and others whom the world has since recognised. He passed through many stages on the road to success; his pictures excited, first ridicule, then anger, and finally appreciation. In the summer he worked at his country home at Eragny, near Gisors; and in the winter he was to be found in Paris in his flat near the Ile de la Cité. He was in the best of health until a few weeks ago, and bore the burden of seventy-three years very lightly. He leaves several children, of whom the eldest, Lucien Pissarro, lives in London, and produces the beautiful hand-wrought books of the Eragny Press.

**AUSTRALIAN CRICKET.** Following up their success, the M.C.C. team in Australia have scored a fine victory. The match with the Victorian eleven at Melbourne finished on Nov. 16 in a win for the Englishmen. During the first innings, Victoria made 162 without any noteworthy individual performance, except that McAlister and Collins both failed to score. The M.C.C. then went in, and with a remarkably high average of scoring secured 443 runs for eight wickets, whereupon Mr. Warner thought himself justified in declaring his innings closed, a course he was bold enough to adopt in his former match. The result justified the English captain's courage and foresight. The close of their second innings saw the Victorians all out for 210, leaving the Englishmen victors by an innings and 71 runs.

**FRANCE AND SIAM.** The circulation of the report of a rupture between France and Siam on the question of the revision of the unratified treaty of 1902 has been satisfactorily explained. For the past six weeks negotiations have been carried on by M. Delcassé and Phya Suriza, the Siamese Minister in France, and until quite recently have progressed favourably. Now, however, the Siamese are disinclined to give way on certain points which the French Minister has decided to be essential, and their representative has stated that he must consult his Government before replying definitely to certain of the demands. The matter has accordingly been suspended; hence the sensational rumour.

**THE BALKANS.** A Bulgarian outrage is reported from Tirnovo. During a service which was being held in the village church, on Nov. 7, in honour of St. Demetrios, the patron saint, the eve of whose festival it was, a



A PROOF OF THE SURVIVAL OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE IN BRITAIN: THE EYRIE NEAR BALMORAL CASTLE.

The question was recently asked as to whether the eagle is becoming extinct in Britain, and in reply Mr. Seton Gordon sends us the above photograph. During the last fifteen years the birds have frequently reared one or two eaglets.

needed that statement to convince Canadians that Lord Alverstone formed his opinion in the Alaska case upon what appeared to him purely judicial grounds. Mr. Aylesworth dissented from that judgment, but he has never dreamed of suggesting that it was influenced by any political consideration whatever.

**THE NEW REPUBLIC.** The action of the United States in Panama has resulted in an energetic protest from the Colombian Government at Bogotá. The telegram places the main responsibility for the secession of Panama on the Government of the United States for three reasons: first, "by fomenting a separatist spirit, of which there seems to be clear evidence; then, again, by hastily acknowledging the independence of the revolted province; and, finally, by preventing the Colombian Government from using the proper means to repress the rebellion." Señor Marroguin likewise contends that America has infringed the treaty of 1846, which contains the clause: "The United States guarantee positively and efficaciously to New Granada, by the present stipulation, the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus, with the view that the free transit from the one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while the treaty exists, and, in consequence, the United States also guarantee in the same manner the rights of sovereignty and property which New Granada has and possesses over the said territory." The Colombian Government deny that it has barred the completion of the canal scheme, stating that the Senate failed to approve the Herran-Hay Treaty, "principally on account of certain of its clauses having been found unconstitutional and requiring alteration, and also in the expectation of obtaining a better



Photo, Topical Press.

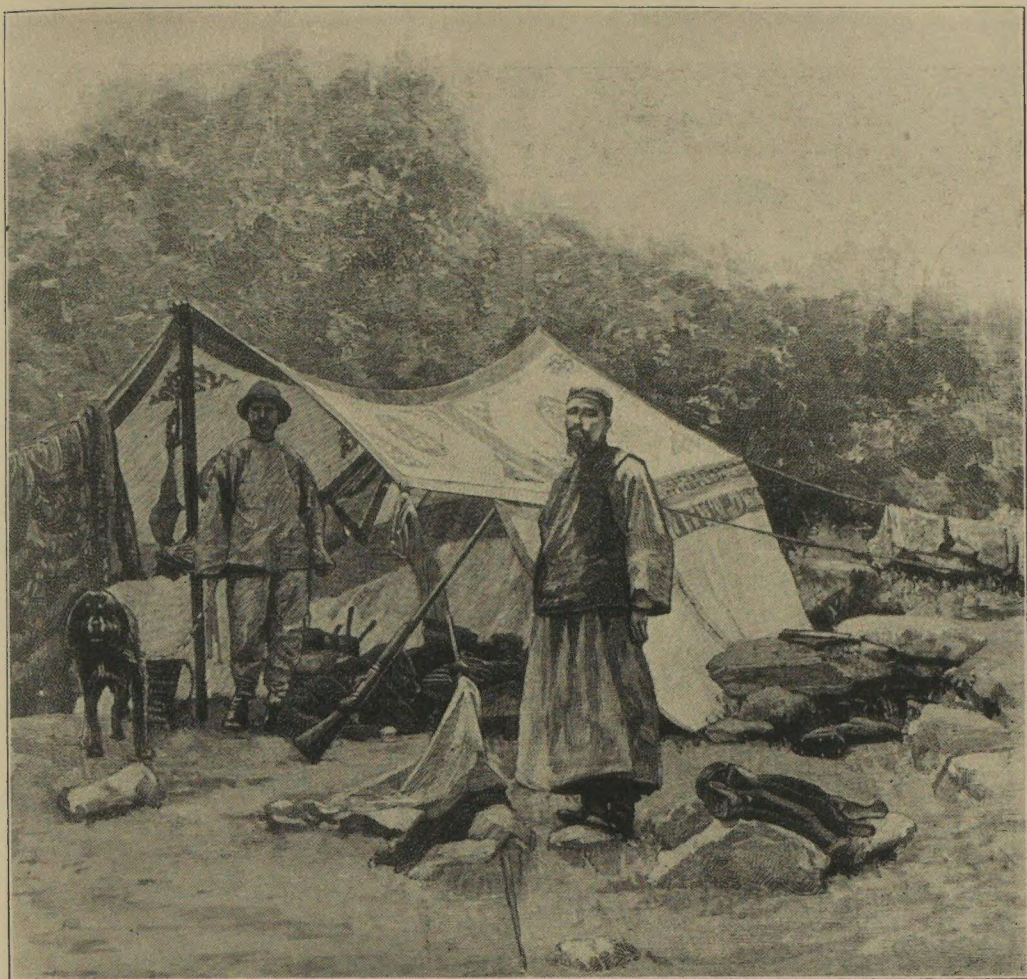
THE FRENCH GRACE DARLING.

Rose Here, an Ushant fisherwoman, recently saved the lives of six sailors, to whose relief she swam.

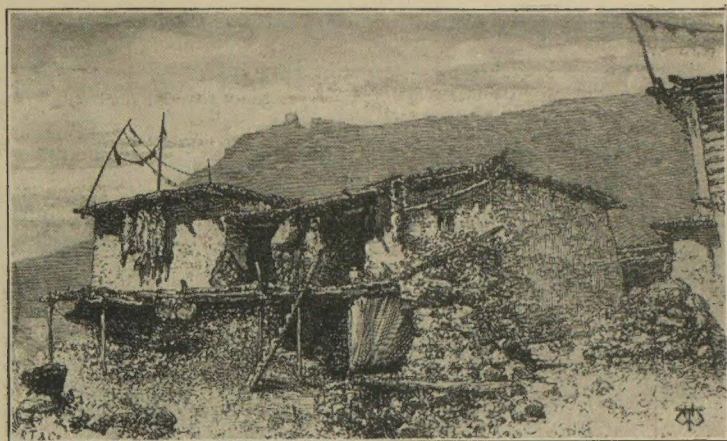
Bulgarian band seized the Greek schoolmaster and a Greek notable and cut off their heads. The Turkish inhabitants of the village and some soldiers immediately attacked the marauders, and a ten hours' fight ensued, in the course of which twenty-two persons were killed. Turkish military reform goes on apace and seems to be confined to subtleties in the naming of regiments. The Ilavehs, who have been blamed for sundry atrocities, have ceased to exist. This does not mean, however, that they have been disbanded, but merely that they have been incorporated with the Redifs, of whom they will form a second division. These new divisions may be called out at the discretion of their commanding officers, who are not in any way bound to apply to Constantinople for permission.

**THE HOTTENTOT RISING.** The Hottentot rising in German South-West Africa has been remarkable for the offer of a thousand British mercenaries for service in Damaraland made by Colonel Warren, of Johannesburg. The Colonel's action is regarded in South Africa as very indiscreet, and is strongly disapproved; Germany is gratified, but has refused the proffered assistance on the ground that the Governor-General hopes to quell the revolt with the forces already at his disposal. The same answer will presumably be given to the two Volunteer corps of Cape Town, the Peninsula Regiment and the Old Town Guard, which also proposed to give their help. Captain von Koppz reached Warmbad on Nov. 1 with a small detachment, and found the stores at the post intact. A telegram from Berlin on Nov. 16 stated that Count Stillfried, a former chief of the Warmbad district, considers that the strength of the Bondelswarts has been much overestimated. In 1901 they mustered six or seven hundred fighting-men, all of whom were armed with rifles of a sort.

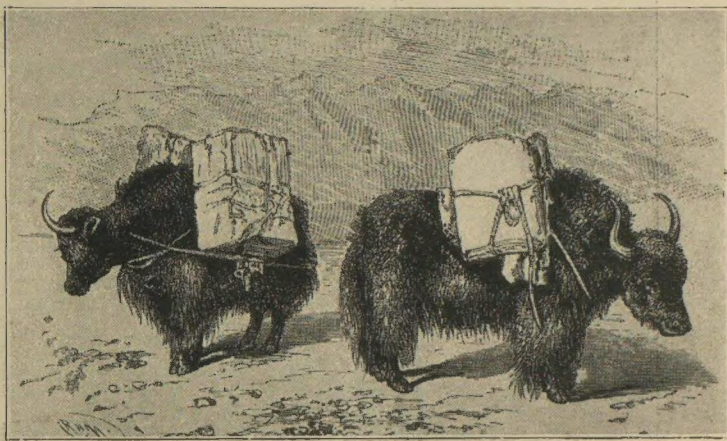




A SHOOTING ENCAMPMENT IN THIBET.



A TYPICAL THIBETAN HOUSE.

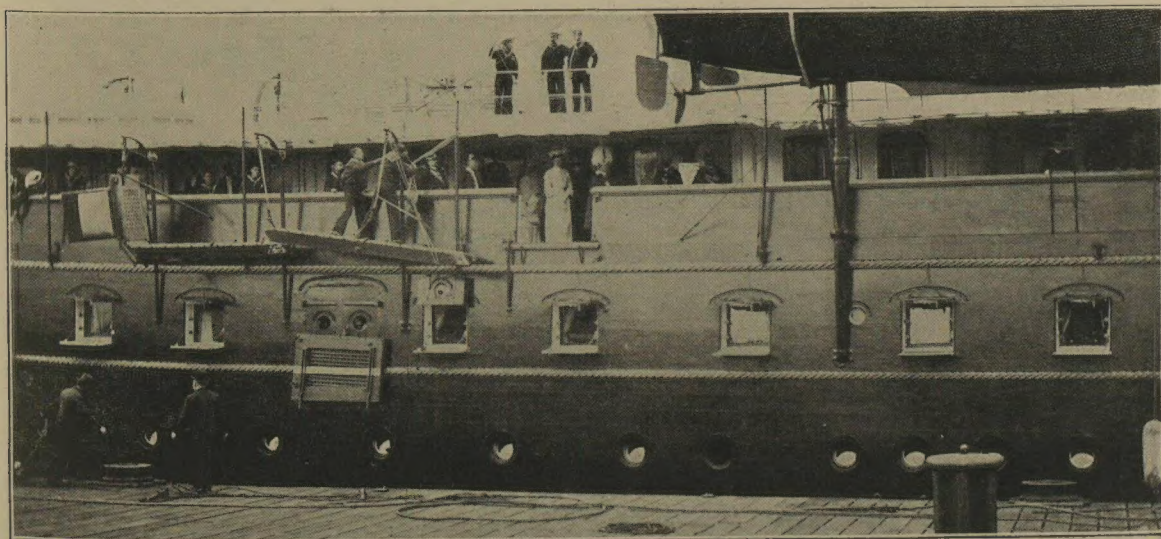


MEANS OF TRANSPORT IN THIBET: YAKS, THE CHIEF BEASTS OF BURDEN.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO THIBET: SCENES IN THE LAND OF THE LAMA.



THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR, AND LORD NORTHBROOK AWAITING THE KING OF ITALY AT PORTSMOUTH.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III. AND QUEEN ELENA ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" JUST BEFORE THE DISEMBARKATION AT PORTSMOUTH.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AND THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE ROYAL YACHT.

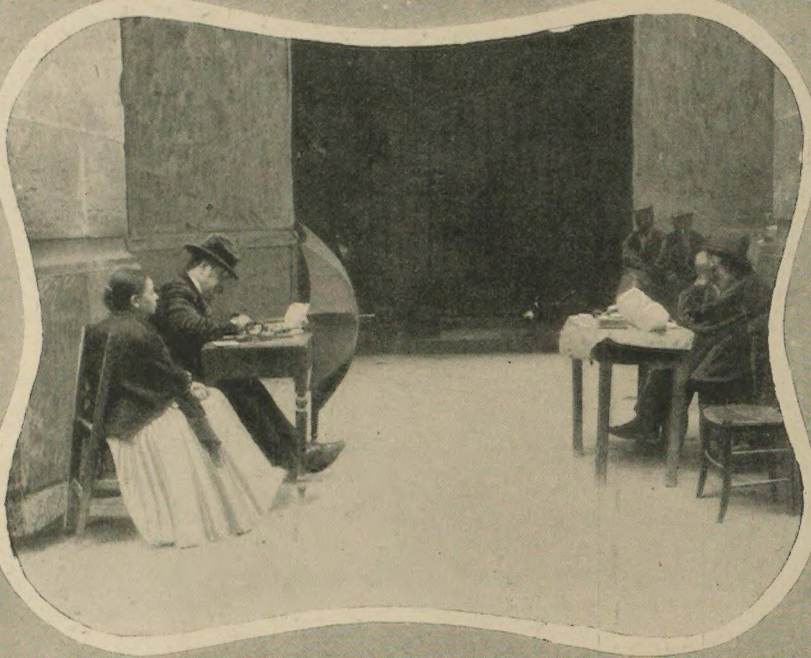
THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: SCENES OF THE LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB, GALE AND FOLDEN, AND BIOGRAPH CO.



# THE COUNTRY OF OUR ROYAL ITALIAN VISITORS: EVERYDAY SCENES IN NAPLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARBENIACAR.



THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER.  
AN IDYLL: NEWSVENDING AND MOTHERHOOD.  
STREET LAUNDRESSES.

THE MONEY-CHANGER.  
THE FRIED-FISH STALL.  
A STREET HAIR-DRESSER.



# THE RED YACHT.

By MAX PEMBERTON.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

I WAS always fond of the sea, and have lived upon its shores all my life. For eighteen years my home was in Dingle Bay, in the wild west of my beloved Ireland; but when my father died I visited England for the first time, and came at last to live with my Uncle Oliver at the old Ruan Manor in Cornwall. Just a wild life I had lived, with no particular thought for the morrow, unless it were to know what sport or game I should take part in; and certainly Uncle Oliver was not one to let me go easily or to let me trouble myself about my future.

"You'll have the best part of five hundred pounds a year when I am gone, lad . . . and what's a gentleman need beyond his horse and his glass and the old roof above him? Faith, since ye can't be a soldier, put your hand to no dirty civilian's work, but just carry yourself as an O'Connor should. Ye know that all I have is yours, Bryan. . . . Ye'll not leave old Oliver alone!"

He had no need to ask me this, for I would not have left him for all the world; and, indeed, the old house was a pleasant enough place, standing as it did in a hollow of the cliffs with the great bay to be seen plainly from all its windows, and something of the rugged grandeur of my own Ireland in land and seascape and all the village life about. Old Oliver himself was the kindest soul, and what with the voyages we made together in his ketch and the anecdotes he told me over the dinner-table, our shopping expeditions to Falmouth and the pleasant society of homely people, time never hung upon our hands; and but for that which Uncle Oliver called my "prowling habits," there would never have been a cross word passed between us. But I was always one to be awake when other people were sleeping, and many a fine night have I spent in the boat when kindly Oliver believed me to be tucked safely between the sheets.

It was a harmless habit enough, as even Uncle Oliver would admit when he had done scolding me; and yet his old-fashioned notions could never tolerate a practice which seemed to deride the idea that night was made for sleep, and day for hunting and the stories of old campaigns. Often and often did he promise

me a miserable old age unless I made a habit of going to bed at ten o'clock and rising at six; and while I humoured him for his kindness, the love of solitude and of the sea's night invariably broke through my resolutions and found me in disgrace again before many weeks had passed. "You will come to no good," old Oliver would say—the dear old fellow! I came to the greatest good of my life through this very habit, which seemed to him so blameworthy.

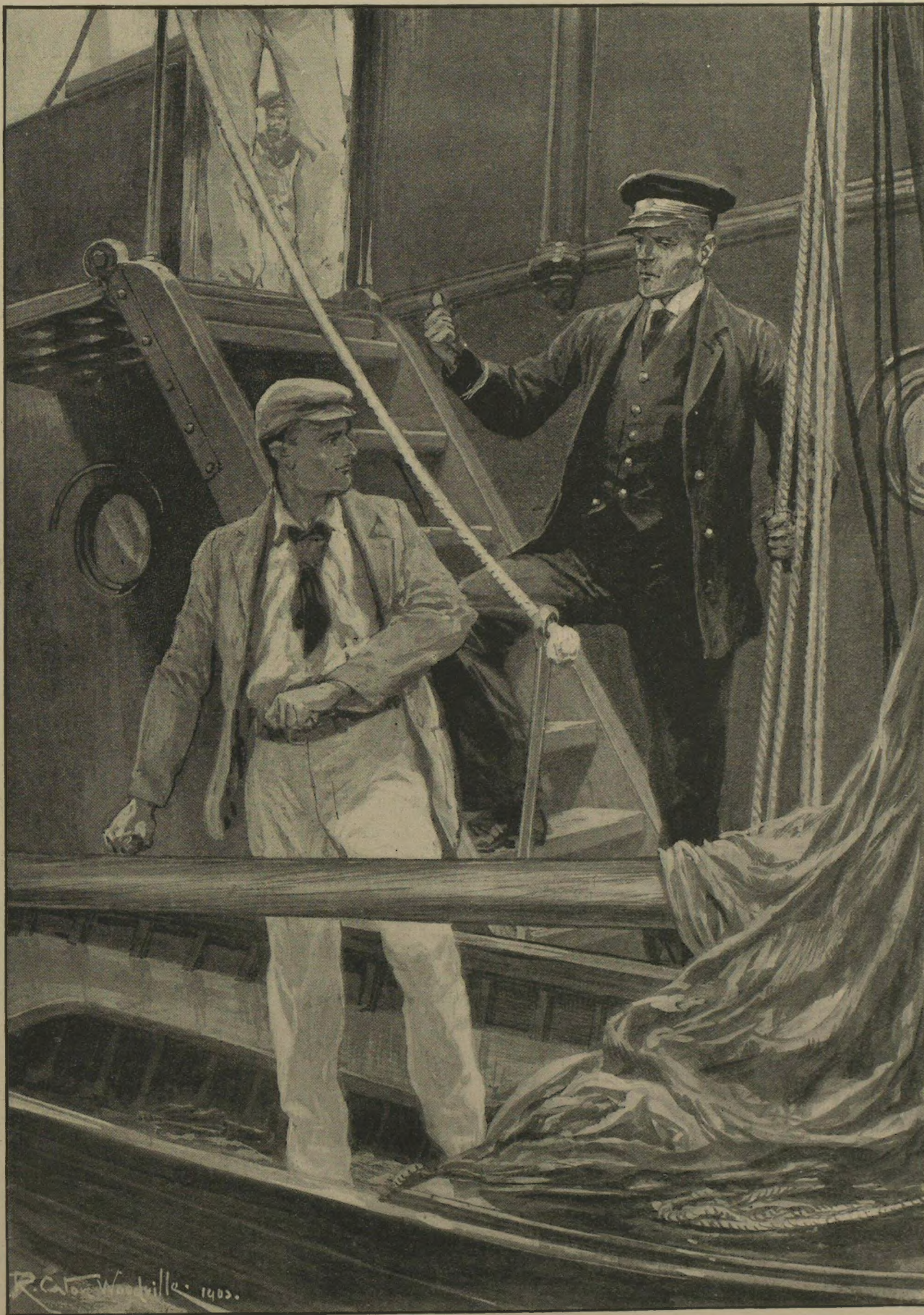
Uncle Oliver had been away to London upon one of the yearly visits which sufficed for the arrangement of his

simple affairs. I passed the pleasant October day partly upon my cōb Nellie, partly asleep in a hammock slung low in the verandah. Parson Robb, the Vicar of the parish, had taken pity upon my loneliness, and I dined with him and sat over a bottle of claret until half-past ten o'clock. When I left the Vicarage there was a full harvest moon, which shone so gloriously upon land and sea that every object within my view might have been chiselled from the purest silver. Not a cloud drifted across the azure sky; the sands of the bay sparkled and glistened in the entrancing light; the sea was a lake of molten gold. I could not detect a sail upon

the horizon or even a fishing-boat to mar that solitude; and, welcoming the opportunity of my uncle's absence, I went down to the Cove and set the single sail of the little half-decked boat which had been so good a friend to me since I came to Cornwall. A quarter of an hour later I was drifting across the bay upon a sluggish tide, watching the light in my own window at Ruan Manor and wondering if the dawn would bring a wind.

If you be a lover of solitude you will gratify it, my friends, in such a situation as I found myself that night. The stillness of the air, the unruffled water, the exquisite moonlight upon the deserted bay, all acted upon a dreamy mind and fostered the strangest freaks of the imagination. I remember asking myself if all my life must be spent in the old Manor House, if the world beyond—the world of strange countries and great cities—would never be open to me. And all this, mind you, without any disloyalty to dear old Oliver or want of gratitude for his kindness.

Pleasant as my life was at the Manor House, its limitations had already become obvious to me; and often when in my boat far from the shore, and keeping a lonely vigil, I would be conscious of this temptation to leave the monotonous life behind me and to seek new paths and strange countries. Happily for my peace of mind, the dream was rarely anything but a suggestion, and I would return to cheery old Oliver and the Manor as well contented as a man might need to be. And I do truly think that if the offer had been made to me, and some rich man had said, "Yes, let us go the journey together!" I would



"Come, no nonsense," said the tall man.



have laughed aloud at the thought of quitting my uncle. For all that, as I say, the thought would come to me; and I remember drifting lazily upon the swell that night and saying that if it carried me across to France I would not lift an oar against it.

It was a silly notion, surely, and it needed all the chill of a Cornish mist to wake me from the spell of it. I think that I must have fallen asleep in the boat about one o'clock in the morning, and yet my slumber was so light that when I awoke from it I had no consciousness of having slept. The moon had gone down by this time, and a heavy bank of sea-fog was rolling up from the Lizard. I perceived a light still burning in my window at the Manor House; but presently the mist-cloud rolled about me and shut everything from my sight. Other men not accustomed to these Cornish fogs might have been at a loss in such a situation; but I had sailed the bay too often to be in any way anxious, and, having taken my bearings, and the tide now ebbing, I turned the boat's head for the shore and said that I had had enough of it. A very few moments later I passed from the drifting banks of cloud to the open waters of the bay, to find that it was dawn and that a strange ship lay anchored in the offing.

Now, except it be for our own fishing-boats or a coaster waiting for a wind, we see few strange ships in Ruan Bay. When a great steamer passes upon our horizon it is just as much an event as the coming of soldiers to a village or the passing of a monarch through a country town. I was all eyes for this stranger visiting us so mysteriously; and I lowered my sail and lay for a long while watching her curiously. A beautiful yacht she was, that I will say. A long raking schooner, with a funnel aft to speak of auxiliary steam, and painted in a dull-red bronze, which shone like deep yellow gold when the sun shot up in the east, and the ensign fluttered out to greet the day. I said at once that she was a gentleman's yacht overtaken by the fog, and that she had dropped anchor in the bay to wait for fairer weather. But, simple as this explanation was, it went for nothing when presently a second steamer rounded the headland and immediately came alongside the stranger. Upon this all was activity between the ships. I plainly perceived that stores of various kinds were passing, as though there had been some great need of haste—as in war-time, or on the part of those defrauding the Excise. Indeed, I wondered why our own coastguard did not put off from the shore to learn what was doing; but, after all, I said, it was no business of his unless contraband were aboard, and he had no boat nearer than the station at the Head. But you may judge how greatly my curiosity was piqued; and I lay there for a full hour watching the passing of the boats and the busy labour of the crews.

At the end of this hour the second steamer (the one that had the shape of a cargo-boat) steamed away up Channel, and I pulled in nearer to the red yacht and sailed right round her as any shoreman who admired her might have done. She was a beautiful thing—that I shall always say; the most beautiful yacht I have ever seen. Every bit of brass upon her decks, binnacles, and capstans and little cannon shone so brightly in the sunshine that the eye could not bear to look upon them. Through her open ports I perceived cabins furnished with great luxury, and her whole shape and the appearance of her smartly dressed crew pointed to an owner of wealth and taste. But while all this was plain, the puzzle of her coming to Ruan Bay and there taking in stores in such a lonely haven remained to perplex me; and I suppose that I was still curious about it and so reluctant to leave the yacht's side when, without any warning whatever, someone hailed me from a small boat which had crept round the vessel's stern; and, looking up, I became aware that I was a prisoner. A strong hand had caught my lugger with a boathook, swiftly and dexterously; and so sudden, and perhaps alarming, was the whole proceeding that I simply sat there and gazed at the men in mute amazement.

"Please to come aboard, Sir," said one of them, very quietly, but with the tone of a man who is determined to be obeyed.

I recovered my self-possession and answered him with a laugh.

"Thank you, I am going home. Be good enough to keep your hands off my boat."

He was an unusually tall man, I should judge, and he wore the blue serge of an officer with smart gilt buttons and a gold band upon his hat. The others with him in the boat were dressed in spotless white, and were all silent, grave fellows who did not even smile at my hasty rejoinder. Very quietly and without fuss they made a line fast to the little lugger, and although I protested loudly, threatening them and asking them what they were doing, they brought my boat round to the port side of the yacht, where the gangway-ladder was lowered and there another officer bade me go above.

"Come, no nonsense," said the tall man, as we touched the side of the ladder. "You will be allowed to go ashore when you have answered our questions. Do not give us unnecessary trouble."

I shrugged my shoulders and mounted the ladder stubbornly. The whole proceeding was beyond words amazing to me. And while I said in one breath that they desired some information about the coast, in the next I would repeat that it was nothing less than an outrage to bring me on board like that. So I came to the deck and found myself face to face with the second officer. Like the other, his countenance was unusually grave; and very frank, honest eyes were turned upon me when I stepped up to him.

"You must see the captain," he said, regarding me with ill-concealed suspicion. "Please to come this way."

I followed him, more amazed than ever, along a snow-white deck and up the ladder to the bridge above. Here, evidently, was the captain's cabin, beautifully

fitted in brass and teak. The charts spread upon the table and the fine collection of nautical instruments spoke of vigilance and of a voyage to begin or to be finished. The captain himself, a grey-haired, bronzed man whose face seemed to tell of a hundred storms, was seated in the chair before the table when they brought me in. The second officer shut the door behind us, and the interrogation began.

"Who are you, and where do you come from, Sir?"

He put the question so abruptly that all the Irish blood in me fired up when I heard it, and I answered him as he deserved.

"I do not give my name to strangers," said I; "and as for my business, I'll mind it in this company."

It was sharply said, but might as well have been spoken to the rocks. The sun-browned man just lifted his shaggy eyebrows before he went on—

"You have been watching this yacht for the last hour, Sir. We have the right to ask you why. You are wiser to speak out—we do not ask the question twice."

"Oh!" said I, blithely enough, "then you threaten me, do you? And by what law?" I asked him, "is an Englishman forbidden to sail in Ruan Bay? A cat may look at a king—though I see none of that sort here!" said I.

He nodded his head gravely at my answer, and made a sign to the second officer, who stood by the door.

"I will ask the gentleman later on in the day, Mr. James," said he. "Take him down with you, and try to teach him sense. He has no one but himself to blame."

He dismissed him with a wave of a horny hand; and the second officer opened the cabin door and bade me follow him. I thought that they were about to put me ashore, and so I let fly a parting shot as I moved away from the table.

"Faith," said I, "a pretty fools' ship I seem to have come upon! Good morning to you, Sir—I hope you'll have learned some manners next time we meet."

Not a muscle of the man's face moved when he heard me, and I, regretting the words as soon as they were spoken, left the cabin abruptly, and was going across to the gangway when the second officer put his hand upon my arm.

"This way, if you please," he said, pointing to the companion.

"What!" cried I, "is there another old gentleman down there, then? Have done with your joking and let me go ashore."

I said it with a laugh and took a step toward the ladder; but I suppose the others were already behind me, and just while I was laughing at him, strong arms picked me up and a great hand closed about my mouth; and when next I put my feet to the ground I was in a cabin below the water-line, and I could hear the bells ringing in the engine-room the order to stand by.

## II.

The yacht was putting out to sea—I could not doubt it. You may judge what that meant to me, amazed as I was and utterly unable so much as to imagine the true circumstances. Here, half an hour ago, I had been sailing my boat in Ruan Bay; and now I was shut down in a cabin below the water-line, in a yacht I had never clapped eyes upon until that day, and among men who could have had no knowledge of me. Reason refused to play any part in my thoughts or even to help me with a guess, and I simply sat there listening to the throbbing of the engines and the swirl of the foam as we cleaved the still seas. At the best I could but say that it was a mad joke; at the worst—well, God knows what I thought the worst might be.

I say that I thought it a jest, and yet as the minutes passed and the yacht continued to steam full speed ahead, the arguments for such an explanation looked poor indeed. What point could there be in it? Our own yokels, grinning through a horse-collar at fair-times, could do something merrier than that. And yet the facts were there. The steamer raced on; she began to lift to the open Atlantic; we must have been steaming a full hour, and no one had come down to me. And at this I think I fell to a sudden panic, and I beat with both my fists upon the cabin door, and cried to them wildly to let me out. Nor was anyone more surprised than I when the door opened immediately and the second officer stood there waiting for me to speak.

"Come," I stammered, perhaps ashamed of my outbreak, "what does this mean, and where are you taking me to? Hasn't the joke gone far enough? Put me ashore and have done with it."

It would have been a relief to me had this man laughed outright or answered me with heat. What, in fact, he did was to open the door wide and just to say, "Come right up and see the captain." And without waiting for another word, he began to mount the companion, and I followed him, scarce knowing what I did; and so stood again before the bronzed old man and the table upon which his charts were spread. This time, however, there was another in the room—a man with a thin, grave face, with iron-grey hair parted effeminately upon his forehead, but with such sad, pathetic eyes that I found myself looking at him rather than at the captain during the brief words which followed.

"Well, Sir, you have determined to be reasonable, then?"

"Oh, ay!" said I; "and a precious lot of reason there seems to be among us altogether!"

"You were spying on this yacht, Sir; the men watched you for more than an hour!"

"Take your dirty words back," said I, "or not another will I speak! Have I not as much right in Ruan Bay as yourselves?—faith!" said I, "and a good deal more, since my home's there!"

The captain and the grave man changed quick glances at this. I heard them speaking together in a whisper, before the captain continued—

"Your home is in Ruan Bay? Then what are you doing out of it, young man, at four o'clock in the morning?"

"Oh," said I, "then it's the time I get up that troubles you! And what," I asked, falling into a passion again, "what, in heaven's name, has it got to do with you whether I get up at four in the morning or at six?"

He raised his hand as though to pacify me, and went on in the same low voice—

"I'll not hold it from you that we doubt all this," he said quietly. "You put off in a boat in the middle of the night; you keep this yacht under observation until day-break, and then say that it is nothing to do with us. Young man, I fear you'd better speak the truth if you want to see Ruan Bay again!"

Now, he was an old seaman long accustomed to command; and there was something, in his manner, I suppose, which quieted my temper and led me to see the whole circumstance at a glance. "These people took me for a spy—so much was plain. On the other hand, why should the owner of a pleasure-yacht fear to be spied upon? I could make nothing of that; and willing to have done with it, I no longer refused to speak."

"My name is Bryan O'Connor," I said, "and my Uncle Oliver lives at Ruan Bay. I'm no more a spy than you are. Ask anyone in the village—they all know me there, and they will tell you whether I sail at night or not. You have really made yourselves very ridiculous," I went on, "and I'll thank you to put me ashore as quickly as may be."

I think that my story astonished them. As for the captain, he appeared to be positively dismayed. I could hear them whispering apart, the grave man all excitement and his officer quite coolly. The words, too, that I picked up were significant enough; for while the one kept saying "No, no!" the other would answer in such phrases as "Please listen to me!" or, "Now, Sir, you must be convinced!" and so on. So far did they carry it that I began to believe I should be put ashore without any further delay, and I was still pluming myself upon this when up gets the grave man, and pushing the captain aside, he cried—

"A tissue of lies from beginning to end—I say, a tissue of lies! Do not let me hear any more of it." And upon that he walked straight out of the cabin and slammed the door behind him. The captain and I were left like two schoolboys who had received a wiggling; and we looked at one another, I do believe, with some sympathy for our misfortunes.

"You have been very foolish, young man," says he, "and this will teach you to mind your own business. Now you see where curiosity leads you. Here you are, and here you will stay. I hope you are fond of the sea," he added, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Come, captain," said I, "you do not mean to say that I am not to go?"

"I say nothing of the kind. You can go or stay, as you please; but it is a venturesome journey in that cockleshell of yours!"

"Then you are not going to put me ashore!" I cried.

"Our port is Buenos Ayres," says he with a smile. "I would not alter the course for a thousand sovereigns on the table. If you've never seen South America, you'll have a pleasant holiday—and it's only three weeks home by the mail," he added encouragingly.

I do not think I answered him; but understanding it all—that they had me aboard there, and that I was leaving old Oliver and my home—I just sat down upon the sofa and blubbered like a child. We were out on the broad Atlantic by this time, and the Lizard Light lay far behind us.

## III.

They say that time cures all ills; and certainly when the first week of my life upon the *Red Yacht* was passed, boy-like I had already accommodated myself to circumstances, and was not a little reconciled to my amazing situation. Though I saw the grave man no more and the captain rarely, the second officer was with me almost daily; and from him I learned that the owner's name was Daniel Neale, and that we were sailing to Buenos Ayres to fetch his daughter from the Argentine. The same good fellow promised me that I should not repent my voyage; and while he would not so much as hint why I had been so treated, he assured me that I was not the first who had inhabited the strangers' cabin, and that I should be the exception if I did not go away with my pockets full of money and little ill-will toward anyone aboard. Daniel Neale, he told me, was one of the biggest-hearted men alive—"and except for his infirmity," he added naively, "one of the cleverest." I had no reason to disbelieve him, and I just waited and watched and lived in a dreamland, like a man who has fallen asleep in one world and awoke in another.

I say it was a dreamland, and for a lad of my simple habits I can call it nothing else. The cabin in which they had put me was like a Society woman's boudoir—dainty in silks and satins, with a tiled bath-room on one hand and a bed-room with a real bed in it upon the other. The yacht carried a French cook and a very crew of stewards—I tasted of dishes I had never tasted before; was found in clothes, which though they fitted me but ill, had come from the best of tailors; and provided with such amusements as may serve the passengers upon the great Atlantic liners. No quarter of the ship, except Mr. Neale's own cabins, was denied to me—and, for the matter of that, ten whole days passed before I saw the owner for the second time, and when I did so, I think that I began to share the crew's affection for him. Some great sorrow had entered into this man's life. Young as I was, my judgment taught me that.

(To be concluded next week.)



OPPOSING ADVOCATES IN THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN: "FREE FOOD v. RETALIATION."



FREE FOOD APOSTLES IN BIRMINGHAM: LORD HUGH CECIL AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE TOWN HALL, NOVEMBER 11.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BIRMINGHAM.

*It was expected that Mr. Chamberlain's followers would make some vigorous protest against the advocacy of the Free Food cause at the headquarters of the Protection movement, but the meeting passed off in comparative quiet. The tranquillity was doubtless largely secured by an appeal to the Protectionist party, obviously inspired by its leader, to give the other side a fair hearing.*



THE ADVOCATE OF RETALIATION IN BRISTOL, NOVEMBER 13: THE PRIME MINISTER AND MR. WALTER LONG LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IVOR CASTLE.

*Mr. Balfour spoke at Colston Hall under the auspices of the Dolphin Society, of which Mr. Walter Long is president. The occasion was the annual dinner of the society.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## THE REFORM OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

One of the most important communications which has ever been published in the way of a criticism on scientific work and its mode of execution recently appeared in *Nature* in the form of a letter written by Dr. H. O. Forbes, of Liverpool. In the interests equally of the British Association and of the popular diffusion of scientific knowledge, it is to be hoped Dr. Forbes's protest will receive the full attention it deserves, both at the hands of the officials of the body in question and of the public who support the Association by contributing to its funds and by evincing an interest in its work. Dr. Forbes very aptly summarises the reasons why the Association has failed to fulfil the *raison d'être* of its being—namely, the encouragement of an interest in science among the people.

Let us hear the case he presents. He heard after the late Southport meeting repetitions of previous complaints on the part of the general public (members of the Association) regarding the technical nature of the papers read and discussed. The sections of Geography, Anthropology, and Education were mentioned as being those to which the complaints did not apply; because, presumably, these sections deal with matters more capable of being "understood of the people." In the sections of Zoology, Botany, and the rest the talk was entirely over the head of the educated layman. He is interested deeply in science, but, as Dr. Forbes says, he is "not versed in its technicalities." Dr. Forbes therefore would advocate a change in the character of the papers submitted for consideration at Association meetings. He maintains that the Association should either become a purely scientific society or develop into "what it was established for—an association for the advancement of science among the people, at which the results of the investigations of the year are, as it were, summed up and presented to the members, both specialists and those of the general public interested in science, in language which the whole audience can understand."

Now, this is not only a clear rendering of the complaint, but it represents a reasonable contention throughout. The British Association, by its very constitution, was, and is, not meant to be the happy hunting-ground—rather, shall I say the preserve?—of the technicalists. The section of Zoology, for example, has no conceivable right to monopolise many hours in thrashing out, to little practical purpose, technical questions regarding cells and their development. What do the public know of "centrosomes," "chromosomes," "nuclei," "chromatin threads," and the like? How does the phrase "karyokinesis" sound in the ears of any educated man not versed in physiology? If you explain popularly to him the broad facts of cell-development, and show how all-important a unit of life everywhere the cell appears, he will be able to appreciate the bearings of the question.

Little wonder that the sections where learned Professors met to fight over again battles which had been fought before, and to discuss things fitted only for debate before a learned society (report says that a good many cold dishes were heated up for Association purposes), were soon deserted by the public, who, having paid their membership-money, expected to find some intellectual return therefor. The real fact is that the Association has undergone a process of devolution—I should style it degeneration. It is not advancing science by its modern phases at all. It is not discharging its main function as an organised body—namely, to present the people with the results, as Dr. Forbes puts it, of scientific investigation.

Here and there are to be found conspicuous instances of papers and addresses which fulfilled the high mission of the Association. Then the rooms were crowded with an eager auditory, and with people anxious to know and to learn something of the trend of scientific research. The Presidential addresses are lucid and clear: why should the sectional work not follow the Presidential lead? With few exceptions, these addresses have been masterpieces of exposition. I can point to the lectures of Tyndall, Huxley, Carpenter, Turner, Dewar, Crookes, and to many others as evidence that men of mind can become popular expositors when they will. Then we descend woefully when we come to sections, where, from President to paper-contributors, we find men literally wallowing in technicality which, however befitting the class-room, is out of place entirely in the rooms of a British Association meeting.

Dr. Forbes is severe when, having regard to the intellectual barrenness of the prospect here, he says that the general public have had their subscription-money obtained from them "on a misunderstanding." This is precisely where the gist of the evil lies. The public are really maintaining a close scientific preserve, out of which comes to them little or nothing at all. It should not be a difficult matter to initiate reform. There should be an understanding that all addresses and papers should be couched in popular language. If any scientist is not capable of translating his ideas thus, let him reserve the account of his discoveries, or the recital of his opinions, for his learned society. The publicity he obtains at the Association can neither do him nor the public the slightest good. He is there under false pretences, and the public should endeavour to make those responsible for the conduct of the body appreciate this fact. Let them stay away altogether, if they find the fare provided too tough for easy mental digestion. Above all, let us have more popular lectures. Every evening there should be a lecture, well illustrated, on some topic of the day; but it should be delivered by somebody who knows how to talk, so that he may first be heard and, in the second place, understood. In this way, by eliminating the technicalist as such, a new era of prosperity may dawn for the B.A.—ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E. BARTLETT (Kingston-on-Thames).—We are not able to make use of your problems. You must study the art of composition a little more. We cannot reply by post.

SUMATRA (West Kensington).—There may be some opportunity later on.

F. FENWICK (Birmingham).—The point has occurred to us, and doubtless some modification will be evolved in course of time. The two-mover is certainly very much in evidence.

BISHOP'S PAWN AND OTHERS.—If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, the reply is P takes Kt becoming Kt, and mates.

W. W. (Cardiff).—We were only too pleased to receive your suggestion.

C. S. (Wandsworth).—There is no solution as you propose. Please look again.

S. RAY (Leyton).—We cannot tell you, but you might find it in the catalogue of some second-hand bookseller.

F. G. WILLIAMSON (Liverpool).—The solution of No. 2526 is 1. B to B 8th. We will try to find the other solution for you.

JEFF ALLEN.—True, Mr. Williams' problem is simply an awful example of a "cook."

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3096 received from Henry Percival (Newcastle, New South Wales); of Nos. 3099 to 3101 from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3103 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.) and P. D. (Brighton); of No. 3104 from Charles Burnett, Sorrento, Frank W. Atchinson (Lincoln), and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3105 from E. Combe (Lausanne), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), George Fisher (Belfast), L. Desanges, Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), A. G. (Pancsova), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and B. O. Clark (Wolverhampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3106 received from Albert Wolff (Putney), F. J. S. (Hampstead), The Tid, Laura Greaves (Buxton), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), T. Roberts, Reginald Gordon, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), George Fisher (Belfast), E. Bartlett (Kingston-on-Thames), Charles Burnett, P. D. (Brighton), Jeff J. Allen, F. Ede (Canterbury), Sorrento, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Martin F. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Joseph Cook, Fire Plug, H. S. Brandreth (Nice), Thomas H. Knight (Greenwich), F. Akenhead (Oxford), W. d' A. Barnard (Uppingham), Walter H. Arnold (Gloucester), F. Henderson (Leeds), J. W. (Campsie), T. K. Mellor, Clement C. Danby, G. C. B., Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Hereward, A. Watson (Salisbury), R. Worters (Canterbury), Doryman, and Shadforth.

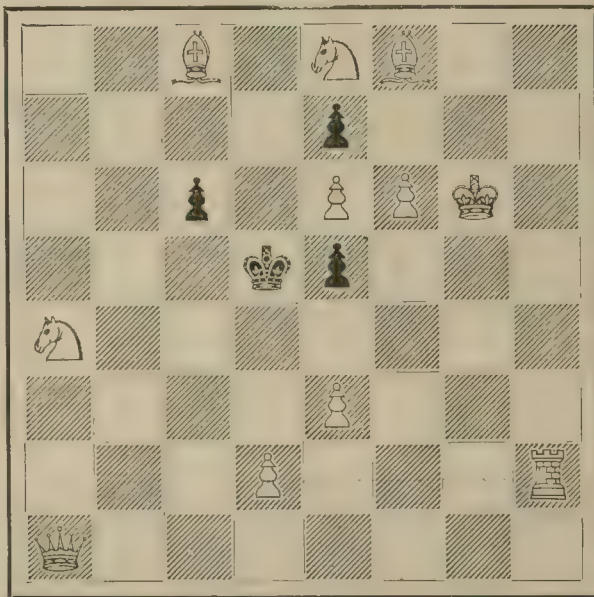
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3105.—By A. W. MONGREDIEN.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to K 5th Kt takes R  
2. Q to B 3rd (ch) Any move  
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to B 5th; if 1. B takes Kt or P to Kt 5th, 2. B to B and; and if 1. P takes Kt, then 2. R takes Kt, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3108.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves

## CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played in the County Trophy match between Mr. W. D. CHILDS (Thornton Heath) and Sir WYKE BAYLISS (Nightingale Club).

(Ray Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Sir W. B.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Sir W. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White, however, should not capture the Pawn in reply.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P takes P	B takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	15. Q to B sq	B to Q 6th
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	16. R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	17. B to Kt 5th	B takes B
6. P to Q 5th	P takes B	18. Kt takes B	Q to Kt 5th
		19. K Kt to B 3rd	R to B 3rd
		20. P to K R 3rd	Q to B 4th
		21. P to K Kt 4th	Q to B 5th
		22. R to K 3rd	P to K 5th
		23. Q to K sq	Q R to K B sq
		24. R to Q B sq	P to Q 4th
		25. K to Kt 2nd	P takes Kt (ch)
		26. R takes P	B to K 5th
		27. Kt takes B	Q takes R (ch)
		28. K to R 2nd	P takes Kt

This is certainly novel; but we cannot think it ought to be in Black's favour.

Beginning an attack which is pushed home with admirable vigour and precision.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in the National Tournament between Messrs. JUREWITSCH and BERNSTEIN.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	A simple and yet most effective reply. White must now exercise great caution to extricate his pieces.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	17. Kt to R 5th	
3. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	Altogether too rash. There is nothing to follow up with if Black moves his Knight away.	
4. P to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	18. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 3rd	19. R to B 2nd	P takes P
6. P to Q R 3rd	B to Q 3rd	20. Q to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 2nd		
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd		
9. Kt to K 2nd			
Irregular openings are always liable to the risk of finding the attack suddenly in the hands of the opposition. It is pretty clear that Black's excellent judgment has already put the opener on the defensive.		20. Q takes Q	Q takes B
10. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to B 2nd	21. Q takes Q	P takes Q
11. P takes P	P to K 4th	22. R takes P	Kt to K 2nd
12. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes P	23. R to B 4th	Q R to B sq
13. B takes B	B takes Kt		
14. Castles	Q takes B		
15. B to B 5th	Castles		
16. R to B 4th	B to Kt 4th		
	P to Q 5th		

Black wins.

## THE EXTINCTION OF ANIMALS BY VOLCANIC ACTION.

At the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, an exhibit has just been arranged to illustrate the subject of volcanoes, with special reference to the recent eruptions in the West Indies, accompanied by excellent descriptive labels from which we have largely drawn in this column. In the department of animal-life are shown examples of species peculiar to the Lesser Antilles, and in some cases confined to the island of St. Vincent—forms which naturalists are afraid may have been altogether destroyed. The number of different kinds restricted to these islands is relatively small, and even those are not all represented in the British Museum collection. As in other countries, colonisation and cultivation have aided the destruction of animals not useful to man, but where species have been entirely wiped out it has been due to the terrible hurricanes and volcanic outbursts. On the slopes of Mont Pelée lived in large numbers the mountain crab (*Geocarcinus ruricola*), at a distance of one to three miles inland. Every May these creatures were wont to march in great hosts to the sea, and there lay their eggs, which were soon cast up by the waves upon the shore. The young emerged from the egg in a form not materially different from that of their parents, passing through no metamorphosis like that of most crustaceans. The little frog (*Hylodes Martinicensis*) was first discovered on Martinique. It is peculiar in dispensing with the tadpole stages. The egg is laid under leaves or in damp places, out of the water, and the larval stages of development are hurried through within the egg; not till the tail has been resorbed and the limbs well developed does the young frog hop out. As in the case of the mountain crab, this departure from the usual rule is ascribed to the change in the way of life.

A skin is shown of the rare bird known as the "Soufrière." It is confined to the mountains of St. Vincent, and was formerly said to be found only on the Soufrière itself. Thence, however, it was driven by the eruption of 1718. Those that found shelter elsewhere were further reduced in numbers by the great hurricane of 1898, and it is now feared, say the Museum authorities, that the survivors have been completely destroyed by the last eruption. Another creature, already nearly exterminated by the colonists themselves, which is not likely to have survived the recent outbursts is the musk-rat of Martinique. This rat, now known as *Orizomys piloris*, was first described from Martinique specimens in 1658. It and its close relation on St. Lucia formerly abounded in the Lesser Antilles, and wrought such mischief that the colonists had almost killed them out. Some fragments of rock from the floor of a cave on the little island of Barbuda show tiny bones which belonged to another kind of musk-rat, probably extinct before men came to these islands. The large snake known as the Fer-de-lance (*Lachesis lanceolatus*) is common in the Antilles, and though recently the mongoose has been introduced to wage war against it, it was still a danger to those ascending the mountains. Its bite is poisonous and in some cases deadly. Peculiar to St. Vincent itself is the species of scorpion (*Tityus pictus*) which is found in the forest under stones or fallen tree-trunks. There is only one reptile which is said to be restricted to Martinique—the little *Gymnodactylus fasciatus*. It is rare, and the one shown in our illustration is the only specimen in the British Museum. In St. Vincent, and nowhere else, has lived until now a kind of large spider called the *Tupinauchenius Sancti-Vincenti*. It was found in the forest, and built a nest in hollowed tree-trunks or rolled plantain leaves. Several kinds of beetles are peculiar to the same island, and some of the more interesting are given in our illustration. One, the specimen of *Chlorota tristis*, is the only known example of its species.

We also include a number of the land and fresh-water shells of St. Vincent, of which those marked with a cross appear to be peculiar to the island. Many of the land and fresh-water shells of the West Indies are very restricted in their range, and are therefore liable to extermination by local accidents. Describing the crater of the Soufrière as it was before the terrible eruptions of 1812, Bryan Edwards wrote in 1819: "Evergreens, flowers, aromatic shrubs, and many Alpine plants clothed the steep sides of the crater; and, that nothing might be wanting to render the scene perfectly romantic, it was enlivened by the singularly melodious notes of a bird never heard on any other part of the island, and which was generally called, and as generally believed to be, invisible." This is certainly not the Soufrière bird already referred to, which would not have any such melodious notes. We do not know whether any specimen of the invisible songstress is included in the Museum exhibit, but it has probably gone with the flowers and aromatic shrubs: evergreen is changed to evergrey, and those once vernal slopes are covered with ashes. Rocks have been blown to powder by the expansion of occluded steam, and the whole country strewn with the resulting sand. We doubt the music of that invisible songstress, but in the pages of Mr. Bryan Edwards, if nowhere else, let her still sing on—

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter.

The volcanoes of the Lesser Antilles are now in what is called the solfatar stage of a volcano's existence—the stage held to indicate the decadence of a volcano. When in past ages the earth first gave way along this line of weakness, great sheets of basalt were poured out; then followed huge flows of trachytic lava, while during the past 250 years the majority of the eruptions have been, as was the case last year, of ashes and sulphur vapours and mud. The outbursts, severe though they are when they do come, occur less and less often, and we are assured by a Government Report that the time will yet arrive when hot baths and a water-cure will be the sole reminder of their former devastation. A. H. F.

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Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 108, Strand, in English money, by cheque, crossed "The Union Bank of London," or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 108, Strand, London.



# THE EXTINCTION OF ANIMAL LIFE BY VOLCANIC ACTION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



SPECIES BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DESTROYED BY THE WEST INDIAN ERUPTIONS.

These examples have been lately added to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

[SEE THE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.]





THE NEW WORKS OF THE PARIS METROPOLITAN RAILWAY: THE SINGLE-SPAN BRIDGE TO CROSS THE SEINE ABOVE THE PONT AUSTERLIZ.

*The works of the Metropolitan Railway are proceeding apace, and the completion of the line from Passy to the Bastille will necessitate the building of two new bridges over the Seine. Both the structures on this page are the designs of M. Biette.*



THE NEW WORKS OF THE PARIS METROPOLITAN RAILWAY: THE DESIGN FOR THE PROPOSED BRIDGE AT PASSY.

*This structure will have two stages, the one for the ordinary traffic, the other for the trains.*



THE FIRE AT THE VATICAN: MONSIGNOR EHRLE DIRECTING THE SALVAGE OF PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

DRAWING BY PIO JORIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE VATICAN.

*A destructive fire broke out in the Vatican Library on November 1. The firemen and armed guards had to be reinforced by Italian firemen, whom the civil authorities sent at once in answer to the ecclesiastical appeal. This is the first time since the Pope lost his temporal power that officials of the State have entered the doors of the Vatican. Many precious manuscripts were jeopardised by the fire.*



THE FIRST PUBLIC CONSISTORY OF PIUS X.: ADMITTING NEW PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

DRAWN BY ALFREDO MORETTI, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



THE SYMBOL OF A CARDINAL'S CREATION: THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES HOLDING THE RED HAT OVER THE ELECTED PRELATE, NOVEMBER 12.

Pope Pius X.'s first public Consistory was held in the Sala Regia, and was witnessed by thousands of ticket-holders. Monsignori Merry del Val, Callegari, Aiuti, Taliani, and Katschthaler, the five Cardinals to be inaugurated, having taken the oath before Cardinal Oreglia and the chiefs of the three orders of Cardinals, proceeded to the Sala Regia, where they successively knelt before the Pontiff, while a master of ceremonies held the Cardinal's hat over each. The Pope then recited the customary formula and received the new Cardinal's embrace.



## A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

*Twelve Stories and a Dream.* By H. G. Wells. (London: Macmillan, 1903.)  
*The Secret in the Hill.* By Bernard Capes. (London: Smith, Elder, 1903.)  
*From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond: Letters written by Mrs. M. I. Stevenson.* (London: Methuen, 6s.)  
*Izaak Walton and His Friends.* By Stapleton Martin. (London: Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.)  
*Essays and Historiettes.* By Walter Besant. (London: Chatto and Windus, 6s.)  
*William Makepeace Thackeray.* By Charles Whibley. (Edinburgh: Blackwood, 2s. 6d.)  
*Australind.* By Henry Taunton. (London: Edward Arnold, 10s. 6d.)

Most of us have the weakness of wishing to be taken seriously; Mr. Wells suffers from it. And thus we find a writer who excels in a distinctly original and remarkable kind of short story, putting up a literary brass plate and going into family practice as a sociologist or something equally dull. In his "Twelve Stories," however, we recover the earlier Mr. Wells, the dealer in magic and spells (like his namesake in "The Sorcerer"). The Wellsian (not Wesleyan) story could only be written by a man possessed of imagination, humour, insight, and some knowledge of science. This is an uncommon combination. Mr. Wells sometimes thinks that he has a turn for satire, which is only very scantily true. But in this book he does not attempt to scarify. He takes, as a rule, a thoroughly commonplace man, and puts him through very odd experiences. Mr. Anstey has a talent of the same kind, but generally contents himself with saying: "What fun it would be if pigs had wings." Mr. Wells gravely considers the consequences to naturalists, pork-butchers, and journalists of the discovery of a race of winged pigs. (Our instance is purely imaginary.) Or he dallies on the threshold of spiritualism or crystal-gazing. The stories now published are unequal, but several of them are very good indeed. And the "dream" is a very impressive fantasy.

Mr. Capes apparently intends his new story to be read by boys in the Christmas holidays. It is written with extraordinary simplicity. The supposed narrator is a small boy, who has a comrade, with whom he has sworn friendship after battle. A parson watches over both lads as a guardian but uncanonical angel. He teaches one youthful hero to box in order that he may fight and conquer the other youthful hero. Probably no parents will have the heart to criticise this in the Christmas holidays, and we trust the clergy will not interfere. It is scarcely necessary to state that the "secret in the hill" is buried treasure. We are a little tired of the theme. All the buried treasure that is worth anything in fiction was dug up long ago. But this may be a prejudiced opinion, of no account in the Christmas holidays. We can promise the reader that Mr. Capes manages his secret very skilfully. There are smugglers in it, smugglers for whom we have a real compassion. For when they were carrying on their romantic business, a miserable interloper appeared, and instead of submitting to the condign punishment deserved by a spy, he—but let us not anticipate the Christmas holidays. We must congratulate Mr. Capes on his achievement at last of a perfectly unaffected style.

Mrs. M. I. Stevenson's Letters will be opened for the love that the reading world bears to the memory of R. L. S.; but they are quite capable of standing on their own merits. They reveal a personality in the mother which makes clear the origin of the son's greatest charm—that frank, joyous faculty of appreciation which kept Stevenson a boy for all time. It was in a truly Stevensonian spirit that "his mother shared with him the snowbound winter in Saranac, and embarked on the yachting cruise which followed it. It was with a humorous perception and a crispness of narrative allied to, though by no means derived from his own that she described the adventures that ensued. There were cares that went with them, and intruded their ugly faces even among the Pacific islands; letter after letter records anxiety for Louis' health, deep thankfulness when, after a breakdown, "Louis is fairly well again. . . . We feel that the simple, cheerful life here has helped him very much." No one knew better than the writer the inner meaning of indifferent health, for she herself wore a frail body, and with a courage that stayed her to the last. In America, the whim of coincidence caused her to be met by references to Jekyll and Hyde, in places as widely dissimilar as the pulpit and a pilot-boat; in Tahiti it was the Stevenson family's personal magnetism that conquered; and the little party, enchanted with its novel experiences, left the island with regretful hearts. The church congregation came to say good-bye, "sitting round the room as sad and solemn as if they were at a funeral": there was abundance of sincerity in the mournful note of their farewell.

Mr. Martin has evidently spared no pains to discover evidence bearing upon the identity of Izaak Walton's friends; and he handles his subject with the appreciative care that study of Walton's writings never fails to inspire for their author. He deserves our cordial thanks for having thus collected in convenient form practically all that is known concerning Walton's private life and affairs; and if he has failed in his praiseworthy endeavour to "re-incarnate" the Father of Angling, it is simply because Walton unconsciously has drawn his own character so vividly in his own books that no extraneous aid can deepen our intimacy with him. The unique position the "Compleat Angler" maintains in English literature is due in very great measure to the singular clearness with which a peculiarly attractive personality unfolds itself to the reader; and it must be said that if our acquaintance with Walton could be bettered through knowledge of the society he affected, such better knowledge would come, not through somewhat hasty summaries of his friends' lives and works, but by exhibiting them in personal association with Walton. In this regard Mr. Martin's book is disappointing. The lives of Donne, Hooker, Sanderson, and others present much that is of interest in themselves;

but, saving in the case of Cotton and Donne, the details given have no connection with, or bearing on, the life of Walton. A word of praise must be awarded the excellent reproductions from photographs of portraits and monuments. There is a copious index, which establishes the value of the work as one of reference.

The "Essays and Historiettes," by Sir Walter Besant, now reprinted, like those issued earlier in the year, are thoroughly characteristic of the man and his methods, the work of a man of affairs and a man of letters. In spite of a continual suggestion of fancy in fustian, rather than the daintily, if fantastically, clad goddess of Lamb, Hazlitt, or Washington Irving, they are well worth the reading, both by reason of their own merit and the fact that seven of the ten show the novelist's early bias towards French history and French literature, modern and mediæval. During the period of his Professorship in the Royal College of Mauritius—that is to say, from 1861 to 1867—Sir Walter, the anonymous writer of the Preface points out, "was thrown into contact with colleagues who stimulated in him the desire to be thoroughly acquainted with French literature. In consequence he read French widely and deeply, and on his return to England made a start in his career as a man of letters by contributing essays upon his chosen subject to various magazines." The remaining three exhibit his well-known enthusiasm for the craft of writing and his jealousy on behalf of the status and rights of the author, and are likely to prove of greater interest to those who live by the pen than to the public in general.

Mr. Whibley's monograph on Thackeray is an expert piece of work. To readers familiar with Mr. Whibley's slashing manner it must come as an agreeable surprise. In this performance the author does not slash. He is calm and almost subdued. He makes a real attempt to be judicial, and sometimes succeeds. The criticism of "Esmond," for example, is admirable. But on one or two fundamental points Mr. Whibley goes astray. Thackeray was both an ironist and a sentimentalist, and his critic thinks this was wrong. He ought to have been an ironist all through. He ought to have written with the consistency of Flaubert. But he was sometimes mocking and sometimes weeping, and Mr. Whibley finds this most inartistic. Great humorists, however, are not bound by the rather small law this judge would apply to them. If Thackeray had been consistently ironical or consistently sentimental, he would not have been Thackeray, but a totally different writer, and probably much less impressive. He might have treated Colonel Newcome from a purely ironical point of view, and that would have pleased Mr. Whibley, and nobody else. To Mr. Whibley the Colonel was a fool, and therefore not in the least pathetic in his end. Perhaps some critic will arise presently to show us that Lear is not to be pitied, because he had not much mind to start with, and soon became a senile dotard. Why shed a tear over his "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!" It is true that Thackeray suffered from the excess of his sensibilities. He hated with a blistering hatred meanness, servility, the infinite envy and toadyism of our social life. It is easy to say he exaggerated these things, though they are rampant enough to anybody with eyes to see. Then he veered to the other extreme, and extolled the lowly virtues until one sometimes thinks that ambition must be an unpardonable sin. In George Warrington he drew a strong nature, but all the ambition had gone out of it. It is not cynicism that depresses us in Thackeray, but a pessimism which cries, "Vanity of vanities!" even to honest and capable endeavour to shine in the world. "He hated success," says Mr. Whibley. He did not; but he saw too clearly that success often means a material, not a moral elevation, and so turns to dust and ashes. That was pretty much the view of Ecclesiastes. If it were the prevailing view, the world would not go on. Fortunately Thackeray did not merely wring his hands. He had a creative mind; he was a superb artist; he saw character and drew it, as it has never been seen and drawn in English fiction. He has left us many immortal figures, and a splendid prose, that belongs to no school and no particular generation, but will survive by its own incomparable strength, ease and grace, defying time—a living classic.

Mr. Taunton was a 'foremast hand who, wearying of the sea, determined to try his fortune in Australia, in which country and in Malaya he had experiences which fully justify the writing of "Australind." The author is sparing of dates, but we gather that his story refers to the later 'seventies and early 'eighties; the period of his wanderings is, however, not important. Mr. Taunton landed at Fremantle with empty pockets and a cheerful resolve to put his hand to anything that might turn up. He tended sheep, and, when he had learned to ride, drove cattle, hunted the wild bush-horses, explored new country for intending settlers, turned horse-dealer and failed, and, finally, falling back on his original calling, shipped in a pearling-schooner. We like Mr. Taunton; he takes reverses with philosophic calm, and adopts a new occupation with the most impartial mind; he never grumbles, and can always tell a story against himself with a good grace. His style, if a little rugged, is clear and unaffected, and he has the gift of describing that which appeals to him. His interests are wide, and he has a good deal to tell us concerning the aborigines with whom he was so frequently brought in contact, the animals, domestic and wild, and the more noteworthy features of plant-life in Australia. Blessed with a retentive memory, he contrives, by dint of detail, to draw very convincing pictures of life on a sheep or cattle run, in a backwoods township, or on board the pearling-vessel. His chapters on the last are particularly well worth reading, the pearling industry and its perils having but few able chroniclers. He closes his book with a true account of the once famous "Southern Cross Pearl." A very readable book containing much information.

## ITALY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Italy in English literature is something more than an influence: it is an obsession, and one of the few obsessions we would not wish removed. It was so from the beginning. Chaucer's debt to the Italian poets is notorious, and to his contemporaries and immediate successors his borrowing was an open secret. Lydgate says of him that in "Troilus and Cressida" he

... made a translacion  
 Of a boke that is called Trophe  
 Of Lombard tongue.

Warton says that the poem was formed upon a history by Lollius of Urbino: but this is harking further back than we need, for a third of the whole work is translated or adapted from Boccaccio's "Il Filostrato." More important still are his good things found in Petrarch or Boccaccio and straightway handed on to the enriching of posterity in the "Canterbury Tales."

But these are the dry bones of the Italian influence, and such construction of peddling and pedantic footnotes, although it possesses its own insidious attraction, would shortly blind us to the true vision of Italy and reduce us to that deplorable state so neatly hit off by Mr. Godley in his description of the don in Greece—

Saluting Mycenæ with goblets  
 And Tiryns with tags.

The influence of Italy has been twofold. She has given from her own literature an actual contribution which has been assimilated or transmuted by our poets and prose writers; but she has also—and this is perhaps the more important consideration—exercised over the English literary mind an extraordinary spell, a glamour in fact, which, apart from imitation or borrowing, has supplied a vitalising principle to original genius. Perhaps it is: because our own skies are too dull that as romanticists and romancers *Italiano* *petimus* has been our motto, and even the greatest, plain Englishman of the Midlands as he was, must betake himself, where his theme was to be purely romantic, for the most part to Italy.

In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,

the second line of the prologue to his most passionate love-tragedy, fitly serves to conjure up that spirit of place which haunts every one of Shakspeare's dramas, and never comes with more appealing insistence than in those played out under the walls of Mantua or Verona, Venice, Milan, Messina, Padua, and Florence. The Roman plays must be kept apart, for in those the atmosphere is not the same. Even Signor Boni, wonderful as his discoveries and reconstructions are, cannot set us down in the Rome of Cæsar and Coriolanus; but the cities of the Italian Renaissance still preserve some flavour of that exuberant age, and we can without violence repeople them with the citizens that an English poet, who never trod their streets, dreamed for them, and persuaded all generations to accept as realities.

Of Italy's lessons to us in the mere method of verse-making, the monument is everywhere. It is mere repetition of trite schoolboyism to instance in this connection the names of Surrey and Wyatt and their work in the Petrarchan sonnet and in blank verse, Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici's *versi sciolti*. But these two names stand for much that is representative in the relations of the sixteenth-century Englishmen with Italy. They were of that fine race of courtier-poets, Sidney, Sackville, and Raleigh of the number, who had profited by the fashion for foreign travel set in the time of our Eighth Harry. Realising, perhaps, little more than the elements of the truth that home-keeping youth hath ever homely wit, the English nobles, in sending their sons abroad, builded greater than they knew. Italy was the Englishman's inevitable destination; he cared little for any other country, and therefore concentrated his attention upon her arts, institutions, and fashions—the last somewhat disastrous to his ultimate well-being. But thus in an especial degree did England come under the influence of the Renaissance. When the scions of the great houses returned to set the tone of Court and Society, the pen became as honourable in a gallant's hand as the sword, and English poetry entered upon its golden age.

Although in the succeeding period the joyous temper of the Renaissance, with its superabundant vitality, was to receive a check, the Italian influence, in its most exalted spirit, remained dominant in the life and work of the great Puritan poet. On him Italy had laid a spell from which he was never freed. Even in the lower deep of the lowest deep, amid the fallen angels, he draws his similes from Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades high overarched embower; and the Arch-fiend's shield reminds him of

... the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesole.

And with one—nay, two, of our own time it was the same. The moon of Tuscany,

Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,

gave Browning "good matter in a song," as Buchanan's Psalms have it, and that song it behoved him to dedicate to his wife, who could understand it as could no other. If Italy means much to the Englishman, to the Englishwoman, as represented by Mrs. Browning, it is infinitely more. The author of "Romola," if we may mention her in the same breath with E. B. B., was an "Italianate" Englishwoman (as Mr. Einstein would say), and minor votaries are with us to-day. Among men writers, too, the reverend tradition lives on. Mr. Meredith yielded early, and Mr. Hewlett in the admirable travel chapter of his "Earthwork out of Tuscany" has confessed to the thrill with which he saw a railway-engine labelled "Roma": "on its wheels was the dust of the Eternal City!" Worship of Italy as devout as this is justified when it materialises itself in fancies as exquisite as "Madonna of the Peach-Tree" and "Simonetta."



AN ABYSSINIAN PARALLEL TO THE PRISONER-PONTIFF: THE ABUNA'S (OR ARCHBISHOP'S), ONLY JOURNEY BEYOND ABYSSINIAN TERRITORY.



THE ABUNA, WITH HIGH ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES, WILCOMED AT A RELIGIOUS CERE MONY OUTSIDE HARRAR.

THE ABUNA AND HIS RETINUE POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

A GROUP OF ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES ACCOMPANYING THE ABUNA TO HARRAR.

THE ABUNA'S PROCESSION ON THE WAY TO HARRAR.

The Abuna (or Archbishop) of Abyssinia comes from a Coptic monastery in Egypt, and once he takes up his duties, he must not quit Abyssinian territory. This rule, however, after centuries of observance, was recently broken, and the Emperor (or Negus Negusti), whose spiritual alter ego the Archbishop is, permitted him to proceed to Constantinople and Russia. Our photographs were taken at Harrar, the most eastern province of Abyssinia, bordering on French, English, and Italian Somaliland.



ECCLESIASTICAL RECOGNITION OF SPORT IN FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANGER-DOYÉ.



BLESSING THE HOUNDS ON ST. HUBERT'S DAY OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL AT SENLIS.

*After the Mass of St. Hubert on November 5, the clergy came to the outside of the church, where they blessed the hounds belonging to the Comte de Valon.*



THE HIND - SHOOTING SEASON: A SCENE IN THE DEER FOREST.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



Head Keeper.

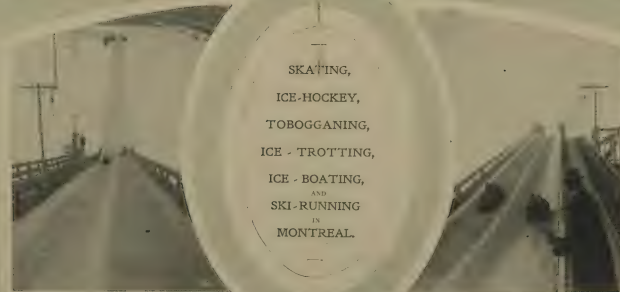
GILLIES SEARCHING THE HILLSIDE FOR DEER IN THE HEART OF THE TULCHAN FOREST.

*The picture contains a portrait of Duncan, the head keeper on the Tulchan Lodge Estate, who has frequently attended the Prince of Wales on the moors.*



"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS": WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANTHAM BAIN.



SKATING,  
ICE-HOCKEY,  
TOBOGGANING,  
ICE-TROTTING,  
ICE-BOATING,  
AND  
SKI-RUNNING  
IN  
MONTREAL.



1. SKI-RUNNING ON MOUNT ROYAL, MONTREAL.

2. A ONE-MILE RACE IN SNOW-SHOES.

3. YOUNG CANADA.

4. A BACKWARD SKATING RACE.

5. HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

6. ICE-TROTTING.

7. ICE-BOATING.

8. MONTREAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION RINK AND TRACK.

9. A "LOAD-AS-YOU-PLEASE" TOBOGGAN-RACE.

10. A TOBOGGAN-RACE.

11. THE MONTREAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.

12. A WINTER SCENE IN CANADA: MOUNTAIN STREET, MONTREAL.



# THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRANTHAM BAIN.



## DÉBRIS AND DEVASTATION.

*A terrible fire broke out in the Bowery, Coney Island, on November 1. Owing to lack of water, the firemen were unable to cope successfully with the outbreak, and a very large area was devastated. In some places the destruction was so complete that the ground for several acres was entirely cleared, as will be seen from one of the above illustrations. One estimate put the damage at a million dollars.*



# SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Photo, Grilbydoff.

FRIENDLY RIVALS: M. SANTOS-DUMONT CONGRATULATING MM. PIERRE AND PAUL LEBAUDY.



Photo, Constant Roberts.

MM. LEBAUDY'S DIRIGIBLE BALLOON, THE "JAUNE."

## THE CONTEST FOR THE MASTERY OF THE AIR.

MM. Pierre and Paul Lebaudy, cousins of the "Emperor of the Sahara," made a remarkable balloon voyage from Moisson to the Champ de Mars in the "Jaune" on November 13. The Lebaudy air-ship is about fifty-six metres in length, ten in breadth, and has a volume of nearly 2300 cubic metres. The frame below is twenty-one metres long and six metres wide; the car nearly five metres long, and about a metre and a half broad. It has two sets of steering-gear, and two screws worked by a 10-horse power motor.



Photo, Sargisson.

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND: ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY, A RELIC OF THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.



Photo, Sargisson.

THE LARGEST CHURCH PORCH IN ENGLAND: THE PORCH OF CIRENCESTER CHURCH, LONG USED AS THE TOWN HALL.

## CURIOSITIES OF ENGLISH ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

St. Martin's, Canterbury, stands on the hill to the east of the Cathedral. It was the first cathedral of Augustine. Among its curiosities is the hole in the wall through which lepers watched the celebration of Mass.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



THE STATE ROOM.

THE HOME OF THE KING OF ITALY'S REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON: THE ITALIAN EMBASSY.





GREENLAND FALCON; ADULT PLUMAGE.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



## The Illustrated London News.

"Antipon" not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

## The Lady's Pictorial.

"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat-absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

## The Sketch.

"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

## The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

"'Antipon,' to which warm praise has been given by medical authorities, reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. 'Antipon' may be regarded as a very beneficent discovery."

## The Methodist Recorder.

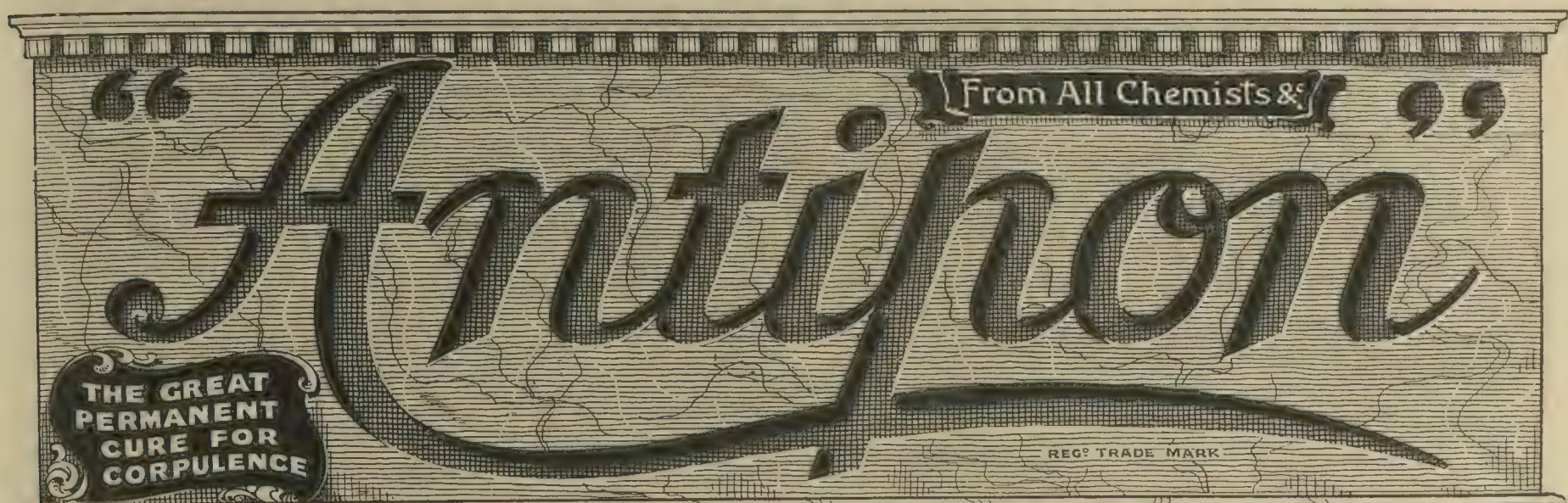
"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

## The Penny Illustrated Paper.

"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

## Weldon's Ladies' Journal.

"Readers troubled with *embonpoint* will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."



## THE RADICAL CURE FOR OBESITY.

A Disease that has Baffled Medical Science.

### THE MYSTERY SOLVED BY "ANTIPON."

As a really permanent cure for corpulence, combining remarkable fat-reducing properties with tonic principles of the highest quality, "Antipon" is justly regarded by the most competent authorities as one of the most valuable discoveries in modern therapeutics, solving once and for all the vexed question of the radical cure of obesity without harmful after-effects.

"Antipon" absolutely and definitely replaces all the weakening and frequently dangerous processes, systems, and medicines which have hitherto done duty as remedies for the disease of obesity. It provides the medical practitioner and the public with a powerful and entirely harmless specific not hitherto within their reach.

"Antipon" is a treatment in itself and by itself. In this it differs essentially from old-time cures (so-called) which were powerless to effect even a temporary reduction of weight without assistance from drugging, purging, and sweating, not to speak of dietary restrictions of a drastic, semi-starving kind.

"Antipon," by its wonderful tonic qualities, actually promotes a keen appetite, and requires that that healthy, natural desire for food shall be fully satisfied with generous muscle-forming, nerve-strengthening nutriment. This, with ordinary attention to the rules of hygiene, is all the assistance "Antipon" needs.

Thus, while "Antipon," by its fat-reducing action, is gradually absorbing and eliminating from the system all the superfluous and diseased fatty deposits, both internal and sub-cutaneous, the whole system is being toned up and revitalised. The muscular fibre becomes firm and healthy; the nerves become stronger; the brain gains in clearness and power; the vital organs act with natural freedom; and perfect health, keen energy, and buoyant spirits once more make life enjoyable. Without perfect health there is no physical beauty, and in giving back the one "Antipon" assures the other. Permanent elegance and sounder health are the priceless gifts conferred by a short and economical and pleasant course of "Antipon."

"Antipon," by its rare tonic effect on the digestive organs, prevents a waste accumulation of fatty matter in the system. It also stimulates the action of the skin, and prevents a sluggish circulation by keeping the blood (enriched by the increased amount of nourishment) in a normal and healthy condition, so that the waste matter in the system is properly eliminated instead of being deposited by the blood in the tissues.

Within a day and a night of taking the first dose there will be a reduction of weight varying from 8 oz.

to 3 lb., in extreme cases even more. The subsequent daily decrease will be persistent until normal weight and dimensions are attained, when the doses may be discontinued.

"Antipon" contains no mineral or other injurious substances. It is neither laxative nor constipating, and can be taken without the feeling of nausea, or discomfort of any kind. Its ingredients, submitted for independent investigation to a number of medical experts, have received their warmest approval. The necessarily complicated process of manufacture is, however, known only to the "Antipon" Company, who possess exclusive rights.

"Antipon" can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day; and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"Bath, April 30, 1903.

"Please dispatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin.

(Mrs.) "G. D.—"

"Brighton, July 22, 1903.

"Please forward me another 18s. case of 'Antipon,' from which I find great benefit, and am much better and stronger in myself.

(Mrs.) "E. H.—"

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes: "I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing 16 stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

"Abergavenny, July 1, 1903.

"I am very pleased with the result of 'Antipon,' and enclose 4s. 6d. P.O. for another bottle. I am now very slightly over my normal weight, so must not continue to use it much longer. I consider it a most useful discovery. I feel much better and lighter since beginning to take 'Antipon.' My clothes at once began to feel delightfully loose from about the second day.

(Miss) "D.—"

"Bournemouth, July 2, 1903.

"I have taken two bottles of 'Antipon,' and am a stone lighter than when I commenced taking it.

(Mrs.) "F. R.—"

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It was hoped that the Bishop of Liverpool would be able to resume his duties after a few days' rest; but the results of the accident he recently sustained at Hindley have proved more tedious than the doctors expected. Dr. Chavasse has now been advised to cancel all engagements for some time.

The C. M. S. has secured an able new secretary in Dr. Herbert Lankester. His special province will be to strengthen the home organisation of the society, especially in regard to the raising of funds. Dr. Lankester has been remarkably successful in organising the medical mission work at home, and his appointment will doubtless be justified by a substantial increase in the society's income.

Dr. Frodsham, the Bishop of North Queensland, has arrived in England for the benefit of his health. His doctors have ordered him a three months rest, in consequence of the serious carriage accident that befell him in Auckland, New Zealand. The Bishop derived considerable benefit from a short stay in the Canary Islands, and intends to return to Queensland early in the New Year. This is the first time he has been in England for eight years.

The *Church Times* has a most interesting article on "Clerical White Elephants." The sad case of a North London clergyman, who is forced to live in a large house, while the income of his living is only £150, suggests to the writer that such incongruous abodes are scattered up

and down England, and are seriously hampering the work of the Church. It is often urged that a man without private means has no right to accept a living with large outgoings attached to it. On the other hand, as the *Church Times* points out, when a man who has filled curacies for many years is offered a living at last, he is afraid to refuse it, lest he should have no second chance. Wealthy men have too often been permitted to indulge in opulent tastes at the expense of their

people. Canon Body thinks that among the wealthier classes "there is an immense amount of positive cruelty going on, because the mothers are cold and self-pleasing and have lost recognition of the dignity and responsibility of the mother's position."

Professor Walter Hackney, who recently underwent an operation, is now rapidly recovering, and expects to resume his duties at the Pastors' College very soon.

successors, to add new wings to a vicarage, to build stables, and to put up numerous out-houses. The maintenance of these additions lays a heavy tax upon the benefice for all times to come.

The Bishop of St. Davids has been indisposed for some time, and last week was confined to his room at Middleton Hall. He has been ordered to take entire rest for several weeks.

Dr. Aked, the popular minister of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, is now rapidly recovering from his long illness. He is to spend Christmas at Davos, where a party of members and friends from his congregation will join him. It is fully expected that he will be able to resume his usual work in the spring.

Canon Body was one of the principal speakers at last week's meetings of the S.P.C.K. at Sheffield. He paid a high tribute to the working classes as a whole for their efforts to raise the standard of home life. Large sums of money have been contributed to the funds of the society by working



THE TELEPHONE IN THE FIELD AT THE ITALIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

The photograph shows a curious point of observation in a tree-top. The look-out man was connected by telephone with the orderlies picketed below.

## THREE FAMOUS PLAYERS.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,

are those in which Mrs. Brown Potter, Miss Lena Ashwell, and Miss Constance Collier—three actresses unlike in temperament, in method, in appearance, in physique—must, by the verdict of the managers live out their lives artistically. Whenever there is the part of a passionate soul to be acted, whether that passion makes for good or ill, among the "painted puppets of the stage," they are invariably the first thought of for its representation. However opposed in physique, etc., they are alike in their appreciation of Odol, as will be seen from the following testimonials.

When the great popularity of Miss Lena Ashwell is considered, and the marked impression she has produced on the playgoing community by the emotional force of her art, it seems hardly credible to think that less than a dozen years ago she made her first appearance in a tiny part of a maid with only six words to speak. Her début was even more conspicuous than her next engagement, for she went on tour with Mr. George Alexander to play a non-speaking part. To the fact that she was an understudy with a good memory she owed her first success, for she played Gloriana at the Globe Theatre as a substitute for Mrs. Lewis Waller; and when Miss Winifred Emery was suddenly taken ill, after she had been playing Frou Frou for only a week at the Comedy, Miss Ashwell

stepped into the breach and gave, perhaps, the first demonstration that she had in her more than the

and by taking every advantage of playing new parts even for short runs she has acquired that control over means which is the distinguishing mark of the fine actor.

Now Miss Ashwell, as the leading lady of England's leading actor, has reached a great position, which makes her every subsequent part one of great consideration to the world of the theatre.

Miss Ashwell is an enthusiast on the subject of Odol, of which she writes: "I have used Odol, and find it delightfully refreshing, and shall not again be without it."

It is only a few years since Miss Constance Collier was making her début in a very small way on the stage on which she now fills so conspicuous a place. Of a strikingly opulent beauty, she has attained her position by the uniform excellence of her acting, notably at His Majesty's and Drury Lane, where she has undoubtedly had her greatest opportunities of proving her talent.

Miss Constance Collier writes: "I find Odol most delightful and refreshing."

Though Mrs. Brown Potter's remarkable beauty of face and form have, like her art, been denied to London playgoers for some time, she has been acting in several plays of her old repertoire in the provinces, as well as in "For Church and Stage," notable as the piece written by a clergyman for an actress. This is an appropriate compliment to Mrs. Brown Potter, who has done not a little towards helping to bring about a closer bond of sympathy between the Church and the Stage.

Mrs. Brown Potter's opinion of Odol is thus expressed: "Perfect is the one word to express the varied qualities of Odol in an age when perfection is always sought but rarely found. No higher praise can be awarded to this preparation, which I have used not only with great advantage, but also with much pleasure, for it is as fragrant as it is effective."

The opinion of these ladies is endorsed by that of practically every other leading actress on the London stage.



Photo. by Window and Grove.  
MISS LENA ASHWELL,  
Sir Henry Irving's Leading Lady.



Photo. by Biograph Studio.  
MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.

secured for Miss Emery's original part in "Sowing the Wind" when that play went into the provinces. Since then Miss Ashwell has gone from success to success,

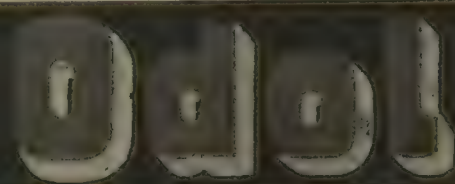


Photo. by Lafayette.  
MRS. BROWN POTTER,  
The Heroine of "Church and Stage."

makings of a great emotional actress. Indeed, that part ensured her an immediate position among the leading ladies, and she was



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## LADIES' PAGES.

It is a long time since we had a royal wedding in our country, but as several of the King's nieces and nephews are of marriageable age, these ceremonies are likely to be of frequent occurrence. Princess Alice of Albany, whose engagement to her third cousin, Prince Alexander of Teck, is announced, has been for some years past designated by gossip as the destined bride for the Crown Prince of Germany. The rumour never had much foundation, as those two young people are first cousins, and the German Emperor is known to object strongly to such marriages. Princess Alice is a very talented girl, wisely brought up by a mother of exceptional thoughtfulness and kindness of disposition. The young Princess has a taste for art, and has been for several years a pupil of Mrs. E. M. Ward, attending the artist's studio for her lessons like any other girl; and Mrs. Ward is justly proud of the level of achievement that her royal pupil has attained. Special attention to languages is always given in the education of royalty, as people of all nations are complimented by being addressed in their own tongue by exalted persons; and during her recent stay with her mother on the Continent, where the Duchess of Albany has been residing in order to be near her son, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Alice has devoted herself specially to becoming an excellent linguist.

The Queen-Dowager of Italy is in poor health, and it is fortunate that the "pleasant trouble" (as Tennyson described the rain) of making State visits to other Sovereigns and bearing the ceremonial weight of great functions at home now rests on the younger energies of Queen Elena, so that Queen Margherita can obey her doctor's orders to winter in Egypt. This illustrious guest will doubtless draw more visitors than ever to the Eastern land, which is now, to all intents and purposes, under English rule, and therefore perfectly safe for our countrywomen to travel in alone, if necessary. It is a delightful experience to winter in Egypt. No doubt it is a hardship to be compelled by delicate health to go into exile every year as soon as the cold and damp weather sets in; to be obliged to leave home, however you may require or desire to remain. But so long as there is no compulsion, only a free choice, how delightful it is to flee from the insufferable damps and chills of sea-girt Britain to lands where the sun usually shines, the sky is blue, and the air is clear and warm! Part of Italy and the ever-popular Riviera meet this description fairly well. But in respect of climate, Egypt is far and away preferable to anywhere else within touch of England.

It is always fine weather in Egypt. Even in Cairo a rain-storm is an event, separated generally by weeks from its predecessor; and higher up the Nile there is no rain for months. Every morning one sees the face of the sun; all day, one basks in his rays; and at



HANDSOME SEALSKIN AND CHINCHILLA COAT.

night he sets full and bright till he drops out of view, leaving an after-glow of singular beauty: the Nile waters turned into molten gold beneath a canopy all heliotrope and pink and yellow and palest emerald. It is warm and pleasant weather beneath that sun almost all the winter. In Cairo in December and January, I found that the temperature was usually about sixty in the shade; at Luxor, in the following month, it mounted to ten degrees more; and at Assouan, at the beginning of March, the thermometer stood at noon at somewhere between eighty and eighty-five degrees. Then this warm air is so electric, so dry and clear, that it is continuously pleasant to sensitive lungs to breathe it. On the Nile there is a fall of dew at night, and the winds are sometimes cold as they blow over the water. But this simply means that a wrap is necessary. It is, in fact, a great mistake to go without a warm cloak to any of the winter health-resorts, as a good wrap is everywhere much needed occasionally. Given this and thin flannel underclothing, and neither wind nor dew will matter even on a Nile boat at night. For the most part, Egyptian weather is ideal for the delicate and delicious for the healthy. Ordinary dress must be much the same as we wear in spring at home. Dust is the chief enemy in that dry and sandy atmosphere, and beige, brown, or "pepper-and-salt" mixtures are the best wear, in not too thick tweeds or cloths.

Muffs are a feature of dress at this season, and are very varied in design. On the one hand, we see the huge "granny" muff of fur; on the other, a dainty confection meets the admiring eye, cunningly compounded from chiffon, velvet, and flowers. The very large fur muff is really heavy to carry, and demands the aid of a muff-chain; but at present these are not being used. A fashionable shape is a softly stuffed flat oval; the short hard cylinder is not up-to-date. Heads or tails are used as trimming, and sometimes you will see several of them on one muff; in ermine a fringe of little black tails joined three heads together on a long flat muff, and I have seen four sable heads on another. A heart-shaped muff is pretty, either in fur or material. A brown chiffon arranged over brown satin and lined and frilled with emerald-green velvet was in the shape of a heart; a cluster of Czar violets decorated the centre. A velvet lining to a muff that has a flimsy covering is a very good idea, giving at one time smartness and substance. The prettiest muffs in the world, to my taste, are of chinchilla: the softness and pliability of the fur, the delicate grey shadings of its tint, make the very ideal for this adjunct to the costume, and upon it a bunch of violets or a few creamy Niphetos or dainty pale yellow Maréchal Neil roses are an added touch of refined beauty. A velvet coat with chinchilla stole and muff is as becoming to a girl as to her grandmother; and velvet is not this winter considered too old for wear by women still in the sunny

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twenties. In the fur coat of one of our Illustrations chinchilla is seen forming the tabbed collar, trimmed with cord in loops and knots, on a sealskin coat, which is further decorated with cuffs of chinchilla trimmed to match; and muff and hat are of the same soft fur. The other Illustration is a simple tailor-made in cloth, with strappings of itself, and trimmings of white-spotted black velvet.

Smart skirts in walking length are made in large numbers by the best tailors. I foresaw their much-to-be-desired advent last winter, for the Parisian women then adopted the useful and practical plan, and we commonly follow in our masses where Paris led a year before. A rifle-green twilled cloth was made with a short skirt, pleated down to the ankles under a line of passementerie in mingled blue and green braids; an oxidised silver button finished each point, and fan-shaped pleatings below gave the needed fullness. The coat had a short basque, and turned back at the front with graduated revers faced with blue and green plaid velvet, two big oxidised buttons appearing at the waist. A richer shade of green made another short-skirted gown nearly approaching the emerald in tint. This was trimmed round the skirt twice with three-inch wide bands of astrachan, and at the waist a few tucks running downwards fitted the soft cloth to the figure. The coat was lion length, but had a double pelerine cape over the shoulders edged with fur, and a bright green silk folded waistbelt finished with four jet buttons was visible under the coat, holding a narrow strip of fur down the front to form a sort of vest. A more elaborate model in powder-blue zibeline, with darker tufts on it, had a Newmarket coat with the tips of the tails turned back both in front and behind to show an embroidery in metallic-blue cord. Over the narrow belt the top of the coat bloused slightly, and was embroidered up either side of the front to match, with big buttons of leather in metal frames on either side. The skirt was pleated down and held with a little of the embroidery near the feet, thence flowing loose.

Some of the models that are sent over from Paris have a quaintly old-fashioned look from the revival of the trimmings of bygone days. A piece of the material, for instance, doubly gauged—that is to say, gathered at both edges and drawn up closely—is one of the new forms of trimming skirts. Such a band passes round a velvet skirt just about the knee and heads a very slightly full flounce that forms a train. On the bodice there is a lace yoke and a pelerine of pleated velvet edged with a narrow gauged band to harmonise. Fringe is another element in producing an old-fashioned effect that contrasts effectively with the freshness of the gown. It is really a pretty means of trimming with its softly falling lines that swing with the movements of the wearer. The



A SIMPLE TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

"Tom Thumb" width round the edge of a pelerine cape and on the sleeves is contrasted with a wider width on the skirt. A row of gaugings finished off with a line of fringe is an effective trimming on a skirt. Then we have the real old-world glacé silk, bright of surface and stiff of substance, that makes such capital frillings and puffings, and seems to lend itself naturally to gaugings and fringed trimmings. A new model in shot green and purple glacé, with the skirt composed entirely of a series of wide gaugings with a frill left at the edge of each adorned by fringe of the same colour, and a pelerine bodice, is delightfully quaint.

The exhibition and sale of the Irish Industries Association, which was patronised by Queen Alexandra during the present week, afforded many excellent examples of the work of the Irish peasantry. The Association has achieved an immense amount of good work, and its success has been largely due to the energy and business talent of members of the aristocracy. On the London general committee are the Marchioness of Londonderry, who is president; the Marchioness of Hamilton and Viscountess Duncannon, vice-presidents; the Countess of Aberdeen and Countess Cadogan, who have both served the presidential office; and the Countess of Mayo, who is a vice-president. Prominent among the industries which have been fostered and developed by the Association is, of course, that of lace-making, which owes a great deal to the Marchioness of Londonderry. To her is mainly due the wonderful revival which has taken place during recent years in the making of Irish lace. Lady Londonderry's lace is little less celebrated than her jewels. At Court she has worn her famous Carrickmacross, and the same variety has appeared on her daughter's wedding gown and trousseau dresses. To County Down embroideries the Marchioness has also given her patronage, and she may be said to have created the present-day vogue for these specimens of fine needlework. She had all her daughter's trousseau made and embroidered in Ireland. The Marchioness is an admirable saleswoman, and can promote the interests of the Association in the most practical way at the periodical sales and exhibitions. The Countess of Mayo, who presided at the stalls of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, is a very fine judge of design and colour; and the Countess of Lucan has organised at Castlebar the homespun tweed industry. A new pursuit is that of doll-making. These Irish dolls are remarkable for their unbreakable faces, the material for which was discovered by an Irish lady, a Mrs. Eaton. The puppets will stand any amount of rough usage. The faces are as natural and attractive as the best wax. Many of them are appropriately dressed in Celtic costume, and these are very popular with children fortunate enough to possess them.

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Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



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## MUSIC.

It is no exaggeration to describe Mr. Robert Newman as one of London's greatest musical benefactors; and it is pleasant to hear that a benefit concert is shortly to be organised as a small tribute to the benefits he has conferred on the public, and as a testimony of sympathy for his recent misfortunes. The concert is to take place on Dec. 12 at the Queen's Hall, and the now famous Queen's Hall orchestra will provide the entertainment under the baton of Mr. Henry Wood. It is to be hoped that a large audience will be gathered together for this concert, the programme of which is to be of a popular character.

The Queen's Hall Saturday concerts are growing in popularity, and, what is better still, they show a constantly increasing and marked improvement in their programmes. Herr Fritz Kreisler played the violin solo part in the violin concerto of Brahms in D with the Queen's Hall orchestra, and gave a really remarkable performance. He received overwhelming applause, and was four times recalled. His technique and tone and phrasing are excellent. Perhaps it was in the adagio he was at his very best. The concert began with Symphony No. 39 in E flat of Mozart, and ended with the noble "Coriolan" overture of Beethoven.



THE CITY CASKET FOR THE KING OF ITALY.

The casket presented to the King of Italy on November 19 by the City Corporation is of 18-carat gold. Upon the body of the casket is an exquisitely enamelled panel, allegorical of his Majesty's visit. St. Michael, the patron saint of travellers, is presenting Italy to the City of London. The casket, which is quite a departure from the usual convention, has been executed to the design of their artist, Mr. G. Halliday, by Elkington and Co., Limited, of the Old Mansion House, 73, Cheapside, E.C.

Madame Blauvelt sang really beautifully at her concert at the St. James's Hall on Monday, Nov. 9, especially in "Una voce poco fa," from Rossini's

phonie Fantastique," which is bizarre and extravagant, though a really remarkable composition, was magnificently performed. M. I. H.

"Barber of Seville," and in a song of Madame Liza Lehmann, "Molly's Spinning-Song." Miss Muriel Foster, one of our most finished and beautiful-voiced English singers, excelled in "The Soul's Blossom" of Madame Liza Lehmann, and "Im Herbst," by Franz.

It is to be deplored that the attendance was so scanty at the Berlioz Centenary Concert at the Queen's Hall, for Herr Kruse had provided a very interesting programme, with Herr Weingartner to conduct it. The least attractive items were the scena "Cleopatra" and the "Rob Roy" overture. The scena was written to compete for the Grand Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatoire; but Berlioz was over-confident, and, hearing his success was assured, to quote himself: "I resolved to let myself go, and write something perfectly original after my own heart." The judges did not award him the prize. Mlle. Palasara sang the title-role. Herr Weingartner conducted so ably that he got out of the music everything that was to be obtained, and he succeeded in getting it an encore, while at the Richter Concert it was merely warmly received. The "Symphonie Fantastique," which is bizarre and extravagant, though a really remarkable composition, was magnificently performed. M. I. H.

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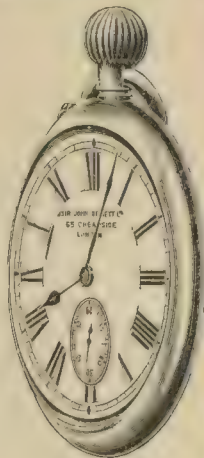
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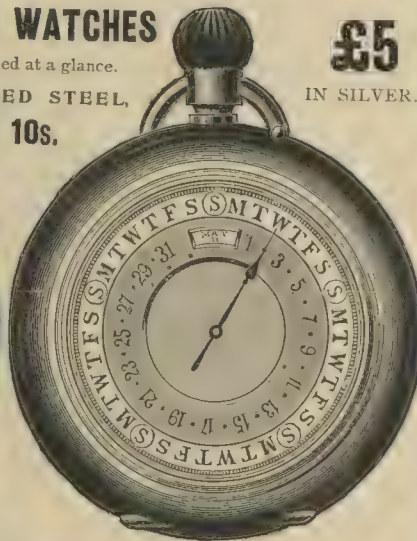
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## ART NOTES.

The New-English Art Club is rather less attractive than usual. We find no very interesting landscape; the single contribution of Mr. Purse, though very effective, does not bear severe criticism. Mr. Rothenstein's interiors and figures are rather careless. Mr. Wilson Steer improves too insistently upon his discovery of riotous clouds and crowded landscape; and Mr. Orpen has been almost defeated by the disheartening difficulties (so the modern artist finds them) of a family portrait group. One can hardly doubt that even the eighteenth-century wandering painter who did that remarkable picture of the Primrose family had a better scheme than the art of our day can generally devise. Mr. Orpen, however, never does anything unpainterlike, and his work, "Colonel and Lady Eva Wyndham Quin and Family," is in many respects an excellent piece of work. So is the portrait of a lady—"Augusta Everett"—which has full life and expression; but so is hardly the little portrait of Mr. George Moore, seated in the side-light of a window. Two drawings of a woman and child—"The Bath" and "After the Bath"—are really wonderful studies of construction in form and energy of action.

Mr. A. E. John has entirely abandoned the experiment of smooth hardness which he made last year, and exhibits a rather masterly portrait, "Professor John

Macdonald Mackay," painted more freely, with more variety and a fuller brush, and altogether after another pattern. It may seem unreasonable to give the adjective "masterly" to such tentative work, but Mr. John has true power. His "Portrait of a Man" is wilfully grotesque, and has little sign of the delicacy and strength of the other work. Mr. McEvoy, painting the customary interior, has succeeded very well with two female heads, simply seen and painted with feeling and sweetness, in "The Book." Mr. Wilson Steer, besides his pale but tumultuous landscapes, has a female portrait, "A Turn of the Cards," which has beauty of colour and relations. Among the water-colours are several exercises in the tinted style of the early nineteenth century, by Mr. Alfred Rich, Mr. R. E. Fry, and Mr. D. S. MacColl, in direct contrast with the impressions of beautiful colour which we receive, as usual, from Mr. Brabazon. An interesting drawing is Mr. Bernhard Sickert's "Ischia from the Castle."

Messrs. Agnew have opened their annual exhibition for the benefit of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The pictures are eighteenth-century portraits, with some landscapes of a later date. Two Turners—"The Harbour of Dieppe" and "Dutch Fishing-Boats"—are of important size but not eminent beauty. One of the best pictures in the gallery is Raeburn's "Captain David Burrell," a splendid portrait. The

best work representing Romney is "Mrs. Drummond Smith," painted with great tenderness. His own model, Lady Hamilton, is the original of Madame Vigée Le Brun's "Bacchante," rather cold and lacking in distinction, as usual with this able but not interesting painter. The "Earl of Suffolk" of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a noble example; so is Hoppner's "William Pitt."

At Mr. Paterson's Gallery, 5, Old Bond Street, Miss Maud Earl exhibits her "Terriers and Toys." Dogs have been treated by her as seriously as she is able; they have sat to her; and their owners are named in the catalogue. This does not sound very promising; but Miss Maud Earl's defects are not, as a matter of fact, those of the sentimentalist. She has not invested dogs with the looks of their masters or mistresses, as so many "fashionable" dog-painters do. These, at least, are honest doglike dogs; and that is a good deal in Miss Earl's favour.

W. M.

A rather unusual excellence of illustration characterises the little trade pamphlet which we have received from Messrs. Ackerman-Laurance, the makers of the famous sparkling wine of Saumur. The letterpress gives a minute account of the industry founded by Jean Ackerman, who discovered the light, delicate, and mellow beverage for which the firm is famous.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1903), with a codicil (dated April 28 following), of Mrs. Elizabeth Whitley, of 24, Curzon Street, Mayfair, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 6 by William Henry Cobb, the brother, Cecil Henry Cobb, the nephew, and William Howard Gray, the executors, the value of the estate being £143,957 16s. 8d. The testatrix gives £5000 each to the children of her brother; £500 each to Cecil Henry Cobb and William Howard Gray; £1000 to her sister Fanny Harrison; and £1000 to Agnes Mann. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother for life, and then an annuity of £1000 to his wife, Emily Alice, and the ultimate residue between all his children.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1902) of Captain George James William Prowse, J.P., of Kingston Lodge, Torquay, who died on Aug. 20, was proved on Nov. 4 by Mrs. Emmeline Lucy Prowse, the widow, Thomas Roworth Parr, and Captain George William Thursby Prowse, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £100,938. He gives £500, the household furniture, the enjoyment of Kingston Lodge, and such a sum as

will make up her income to £1200 per annum, to his wife; £5000, and the Danbury estate, Essex, to his son George William Thursby; the leasehold house St. Ives, Upper Norwood, with the effects therein, to his daughter Mrs. Ethel Florence Cowley; and £100 to Thomas R. Parr. He appoints £1000 to his son Cecil, having already appointed like sums to his children Charles Bertie and Ethel, and £6000 to his son George William Thursby. Captain Prowse leaves the residue of his estate and effects to his four children.

The will (dated June 18, 1902), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15 following), of Mr. Henry Luker, of Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, managing director of Henry Luker and Co., brewers, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Nov. 7 by Mrs. Ellen Luker, the widow, Allan Harry Luker, the son, and William Harry Merritt, the executors, the value of the estate being £83,024. The testator gives £300 and the household furniture to his wife; £1000 to his daughter Jenny Charlwood Luker; £500 to his son Roland; £750 to his son Stanley Gordon; £200 to William Downes Merritt; and an annuity of £100 to his sister Sarah Luker. The residuary estate is to be held, in trust, to pay £800 per annum to Mrs. Luker while she remains his widow, or £200 per annum should

she again marry; and subject thereto for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1901), with a codicil (dated Jan. 5, 1903), of Mr. Edmund Viner Ellis, of Sherborne House, Gloucester, and Uffington, Berks, who died on Aug. 29, has been proved by Godfrey William Viner Ellis, the son, Frederic Hannam Clark, and Arthur Lewis, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £61,825. He gave all his estate at Minsterworth and Churcham, his interest in the residuary property of his father, and £500 to his son; an annuity of £500, the furniture, etc., at both his residences, and the use for life of Sherborne House to his wife; and £500 to Angelo Raine. He directs his freehold property, the Oriental Tavern, Rood Lane, E.C., to be sold, and the proceeds invested in lands and premises at Minsterworth, and he settles the same on his son. The residue of his property he leaves as to one third each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Elizabeth Viner Brady, Mrs. Annie Viner Bradford, and Mrs. Mary Viner Butler.

The will (dated June 23, 1903) of Mr. Carr Wigg, of The Gables, 16, The Drive, Hove, and formerly of 11, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., who died on Aug. 31, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Louisa Nona Wigg, the

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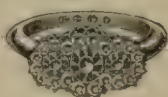
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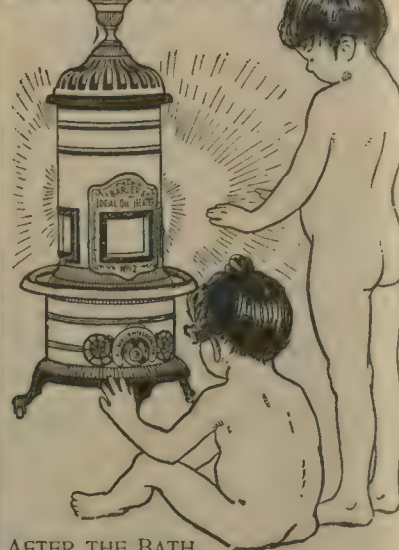
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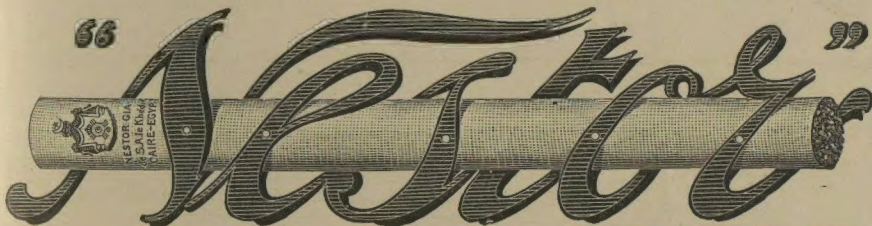
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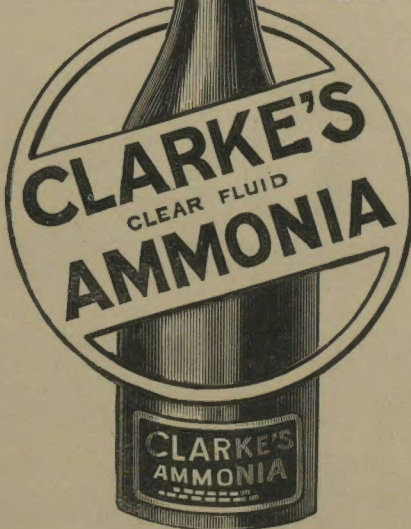


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widow, Clement Stone Wigg, and John Russell Thomson Robertson, the executors, the value of the estate being £52,580. The testator bequeaths £250 each to King's College Hospital, the Sussex County Hospital, and the Royal Alexandra Children's Hospital, Brighton; £500 each to the Vicars of Holy Trinity, Frognor, and All Saints, Hove, for the sustentation of their churches; £3000 to the children of William E. M. Sherwood; £1000 each to his nephews and nieces Henry Francis Oliver, Andrew Oliver, Mary Oliver, and Katherine Oliver; £3000 to his wife's sisters; £500 each to his godsons Giles Harvey and Charles Turner; £500 to Florence Wilson; and legacies to executors and servants. The residue of his estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1902), with two codicils (dated July 21 and Aug. 9, 1903), of Mr. Stafford Charles Northcote, of 88, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, chairman of Stafford Northcote and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, lace warehousemen, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Nov. 9 by Stafford Henry Northcote, the son, and Montague Ellis, the value of the real and personal estate being £49,858. The testator bequeaths

£500, the domestic and household effects, and the income from 5000 ordinary shares of Stafford Northcote and Co., to his wife, Mrs. Rosa Annette Northcote; his two presentation cups from the Broderers' Company to his sons Stafford Henry and Cyril Charles; £100 each to Monica Beatrice Nixon and Ada Mia King; and the gold ring given to him by the members of the Guild of St. Alban, to the Provost of that Guild. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated April 15, 1901) of Mr. William Charles Ward-Jackson, J.P., D.L., of Camp Hill, Lyndhurst, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 11 by William Ralph Ward-Jackson, the son, and Miss Susan Emily Ward-Jackson, the daughter, the value of the property being £27,917 18s. 6d. The testator leaves all his property to his two children.

The will (dated June 20, 1903) of Charlotte Lady Derwent, of Hackness Hall, Hackness, Scarborough, wife of Lord Derwent and daughter of the late Sir Charles Mills, who died on Aug. 22, has been proved by her sons, Captain the Hon. Francis Johnstone and the

Hon. Gilbert Johnstone, the value of the estate being £21,332. The testatrix leaves certain articles of jewellery, furniture, etc., to devolve as heirlooms with the Derwent settled estates; and she gives £50 each to her executors; £4900 stock, in trust, to pay one half of the income each to her son Cecil and her daughter Edith, and on their respective deaths to the children of her son Louis. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her grandsons Leopold Edward, George Harcourt, and Patrick Robert Gilbert, or such of them as shall not succeed to the family estates.

This winter's course of lectures at the Hampstead Conservatoire includes an excellent range of subjects. On Nov. 17 Mr. A. B. Walkley discussed "Some Aspects of the Modern Stage." Among the lectures still to be given that of Dec 8 promises to be of peculiar interest, for Dr. W. Hampson will discourse on "Radium and its Marvels," with lantern illustration and experiments. The lectures are organised by the Lecture Agency, Limited, the Outer Temple, E.C.



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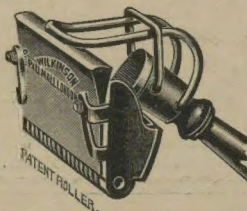
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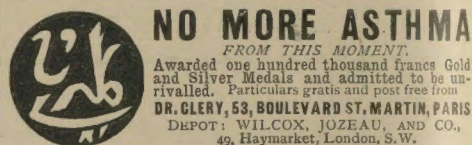
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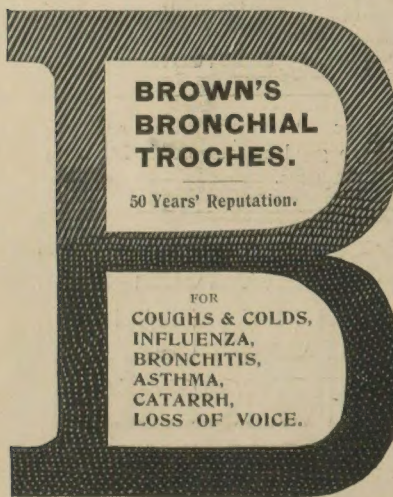


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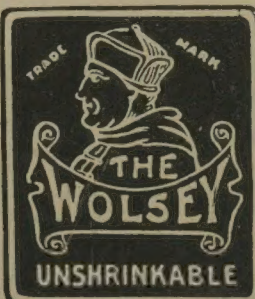
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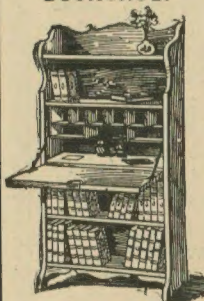
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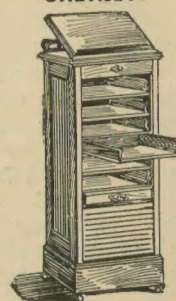


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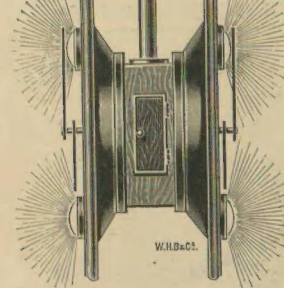


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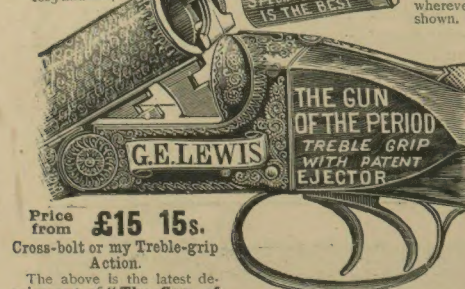
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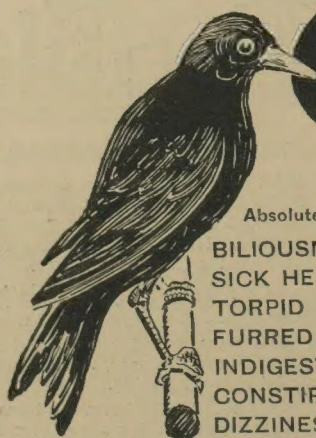
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